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AT THIS SEASON of the year many subscribers ask us what ideas we propose to discuss during the coming months. Well, let us take a look around.

CERTAINLY the first thing on the horizon is the rising rivalry between our economic interests and those of Great Britain expressing itself in naval competition. Precisely what are the industries and businesses and who are the men who direct their destinies, in this country and in Great Britain?

NEXT, now that the election is over, is the question, what is to be the future of prohibition enforcement? What is to be the future of all law enforcement in this country? What progress are we to make in vigorously overhauling as well as backing more strongly our police forces so that they may cope with the new, well financed bootlegging underworld.

AGAIN, a vast amount of new knowledge is affecting men's beliefs, making new standards of thought and behavior. Toward what are these tending? Everywhere men are looking for a better understanding and application of religion to the world than we have right now. What paths are the churches treading? Are they substituting legislative gold for the Kingdom of Heaven? Or are they genuinely making this a better land to live in as a result of applying religion to our present-day laws and social and economic life?

AND MEANWHILE, what of the spirit of liberty and the security of our institutions? What are men's chances of being happier? Shall we understand life any better, harness nature more successfully? What sort of future do science and industry hold? And in all these fields, who are the men likely to have most to do with molding this future—and what kind of men are they?

IN BRIEF, in what direction is human life going and at what speed? What of the night, what of the pilots?

THESE ARE SOME of the questions to which we shall seek to find answers during the coming year.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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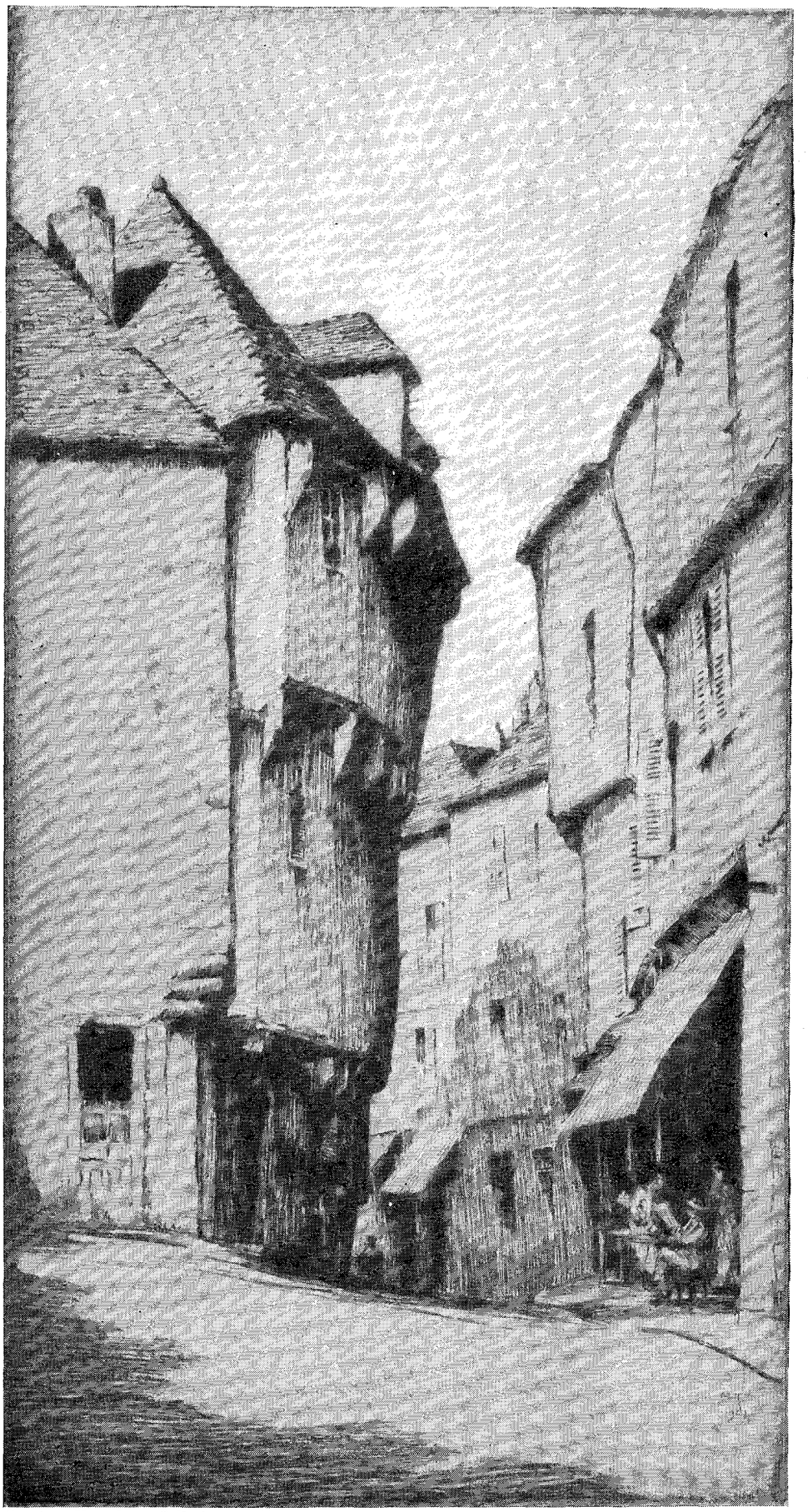

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Outlook

and Independent

December 12, 1928

The Great Prohibition Mystery

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

The great mystery of why a land in which whole sections seem to be in revolt against prohibition should ever have adopted it in the first place may not be solved by Mr. O'Higgins. But at least his article offers a challenging approach to the subject through the new psychology. His analysis indicates that this purely mental avenue to the causes of things may be traveled more and more in the future

THERE are other mysteries in prohibition besides the one at which Will Rogers laughed in his gag-line "You could repeal prohibition, if you could count the breaths instead of the ballots." That is mysterious enough. It *is* queer that a people should vote one way and act another. But then, you may say, human beings are strange cattle, full of engaging inconsistencies, and their behavior under prohibition is no more absurd than their conduct in many other ways. The stranger fact remains that all the intelligent arguments in support of prohibition are still valid, although they appear to have no longer strength enough to govern conduct. All the factions and interests and moral powers that once favored the Eighteenth Amendment are still active and dominant in the Nation, yet they can no longer control public opinion sufficiently to enforce the law. It must seem to the drys that the world is bewitched. They not only got a law; they got a Constitutional Amendment that required a two-thirds vote of the States to ratify it; and they find that they have got just nothing.

I know it is stylish to say that the people of the United States never voted for prohibition, but it is not really true. I remember, for example, an interview with a visiting Englishman who was sent to this country, as an emissary of the British Government, some months before the Constitutional Amendment was carried. He had been instructed to discover whether the country was going dry, and he came to Creel's Committee on Public Information, in Washington, to ask what the committee knew about it. Creel was away, and I was pinch-hitting for him, as an associate chairman, in his absence.

When his caller put the question to me, I was curious to know what interest the British Government had in the matter. He answered: "If you can keep your workingmen sober, our day in England is done. Industrially, you will wipe us off the map." I could only assure him that if he looked at a map of the United States, he would see that the country was practically dry already. So many States had voted for prohibition under the local option laws, that National prohibition was logically certain. There was nothing in sight to stop it. He agreed with this factual diagnosis of the situation, and he went away much depressed. We neither of us foresaw that, five years later, the manufacture of intoxicating liquors having been wholly prohibited in the United States, the British workingman would be complaining that he could not get a glass of properly aged whiskey in his pub because the demand for whiskey was so great in America, and so undiscriminating, that the English distillers could not afford to hold their whiskey long enough to age it.

When that inquiring English visitor was asking about prohibition, all the powers-that-be in America were volubly in favor of it. Employers desired it for the very reason that alarmed the British Government; it would keep the American workingman sober, increase his efficiency and add to the country's industrial prosperity. All the business men welcomed it, because they had learned that in the dry States of the West the workingman no longer spent his wages in the saloon; he brought his money home to his wife, who supplied him with home-brew or bootleg at a great saving to him; and their savings went into bank accounts or building loans or into more food, better clothes, higher rents, radios, pianos, motor cars or what not for the family. With the closing of the saloon, its patrons sought amusement in the theatres, the moving-picture houses, or the local Luna Parks, so that all purveyors of public entertainment supported prohibition.

The labor leaders were ostensibly opposed to it; they cried out against depriving the workingman of his sacred beer; but, privately, they said: "Prohibition? It can't come too quick for us. If we could keep our people sober, we could turn this country upside down. Trouble is, when our boys have a grievance, they get drunk and forget it. Give us prohibition and we'll show you some labor movement." And the Socialists had the same feeling.

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All these were chiefly moved by economic considerations. But the moral forces of the community were even more eager in their advocacy of the law. Alcohol, to the moral reformer, has always been a devil's brew. It releases, among other things, sexual inhibitions. When a man is drunk, his conscious intellect is drugged, and the instinctive animal impulses in his subconscious mind have their own way with him. In our American civilization, the most repressed of subconscious impulses is the sex instinct. To the Puritan, sex is sin, and anything that releases the sexual impulse seems to him to open the door to perdition. For him therefore prohibition was, is and always will be a moral issue. Through him, all the powers of the church, the pulpit and the Sunday school were aroused.

The women were with him. Alcohol was the enemy of their husbands and their sons; and they themselves and their daughters were liable to be its innocent victims. They were especially concerned about the workingman's wife and children, and they crusaded to protect these also from the Demon Rum; but that this crusade of theirs was largely a projection of their own private fears seems sufficiently indicated by the fact that they worked up no such enthusiasm to save the women and children of the poor from other forms of exploitation to which they themselves were not liable.

THE political reformer was equally pleased to abolish the saloon so as to get it out of politics, where it functioned as the headquarters of the ward-heelers, the ballot-box stuffers, the Red Light corruptionists and the general agents of police graft. The Solid South wished to take alcohol away from the negro, for a variety of economic and moral reasons. And so prohibition had the overwhelming support of the churches, the women, the big business men, the bankers, all employers of labor, the political reformers, the socialists, the labor leaders and the tradespeople, behind a massive front of economic, religious and moral sentiment.

These economic and religious and moral defenses of prohibition still hold good today. There has been no change in that respect. And the interests and factions and classes and leaders who advocated prohibition are still the controlling powers in the Nation. Nothing has happened to unseat them. Many of them have lost their faith in the Constitutional Amendment because they see that it cannot be enforced; but it is unenforceable because public opinion is opposed to it; and why is public opinion opposed to it when these powers are still in favor of it, and the economic and religious and moral reasons for upholding it are still so potent? That is the great mystery. Can you imagine any other law that could not be enforced if the churches, the women, the moneyed interests, the business men, the labor leaders, the political and moral reformers and the Solid South were all in favor of it? There never has been such an array of human energy so quickly reduced to such impotent futility. And why? And by what?

HISTORICALLY, the first rebels against prohibition were the returned soldier and the workingman. The latter's opposition was foreseen; he felt that his beer had been taken from him by his employer, and his leaders continued to encourage him in his belief. The returned soldier protested that the law had been enacted in his absence, without his vote, and he did not intend to obey it. But below these conscious reasons for revolt, both soldier and workingman were evidently suffering with a certain deep resentment against the Government which their patriotic ardor had suppressed during the war.

The soldier had been conscripted, disciplined and marched into the degrading hardships of the most horrible butchery the world has ever known. He came back hating his officers and his Government, for the moment, more than he hated the enemy. His one escape, while in the ranks, had been obtained through alcohol, and he did not intend to let the stay-at-homes deny it to him now.

The returned soldier and the workingman were first joined by the intellectuals who had hated the patriotic excesses of wartime. Their resentment gave the contempt for prohibition a smart and high-brow *éclat*. The young people, who had regarded the war as a senile blunder of their elders, expressed their disrespect by taking to the forbidden drinks which their elders had proscribed. Then it appeared that though the rich were eager to save the poor from intoxication and inefficiency, they had stocked their own cellars with barrels and bottles enough to last them a lifetime; and suddenly, by virtue of their example, the revolt against prohibition became fashionable, as well as high class.

It was made daring and mischievous by the young, smart and cynical by the rich and sophisticated, hard-boiled by the disillusioned soldier; and the workingman and the radical made it a conscious fold-way of nature's noblemen. In three years, drunkenness—that had been a disgrace for a century—acquired a tone of caste. It became honorific, as the sociologists say. The whole status of alcoholic indulgence was changed. For generations, by a campaign of preaching and education and industrial pressure and social insistence, temperance had been established as a badge of respectability and a test of character. In a few riotous months, all that work of years was completely undone.

To add to the debacle, by making the manufacture or sale of alcohol a crime, the whole business of purveying it was put into the hands of criminals and assured as tough a hold on life as theft and burglary. Instead of being degraded into outlawry, the traffic was so supported by public sympathy that it took on the color of romantic exploit; the racketeers became as picturesque as Robin Hoods. Financed by big business, they acquired a vested interest in crime. Their profession is so profitable that they can afford to pay, for immunity, to the guardians of the law, a toll that has been estimated at $20,000,000 a day.

The whole thing has become so colossal that the business of evading the Eighteenth Amendment might be rated as one of the major industries of the Nation. The farmers have prospered because of it; their grapes for wine have tripled in market value since the law was passed and their apples are now a profitable crop as raw material for the distilled cider that is called "apple-jack." A goodly body of the voters are happy as long as the law is not repealed, and the rest are satisfied as long as it is not enforced.

NOW what is really happening? An instinctive resentment broke loose to begin the revolt against prohibition, but what is continuing it? Is there a subconscious impulse overcoming all the intelligent arguments for prohibition and nullifying them? The psychiatrists say there is. And they point to the fate of the Eighteenth Amendment as an object lesson in the uselessness of hoping to control mankind unless you under-

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stand the subconscious psychology of the animal whom you are trying to civilize.

To the psychiatrists drunkenness is not primarily a sin, or a vice, or a social evil or an enemy of efficiency; it is what they call "an escape." To them, the inebriate is first of all a person who cannot face life. The forbidding aspects of reality are too much for him. The moral demands on him are too great. He is oppressed with a sense of inadequacy, of inferiority. And he escapes that feeling, as the neurotic escapes it, by taking refuge in phantasy—but with him, the phantasy is produced by alcohol.

ALCOHOL happens to be the quickest, cheapest and easiest avenue to a delusive sense of power. That is why the labor-leader hates it. His workingman, oppressed with a grievance against his employer or merely suffering with a general feeling of inequality and injustice, instead of joining with his fellows to attack his problem or right his wrong, drinks a little alcohol and is immediately transported into a better world. His inferiority vanishes. He struts and boasts and dramatizes imaginary scenes with his oppressor in which he "maximates" his ego, as the psychiatrists say, by righting his wrong with phantasied insults and assaults. He dreams, instead of doing. Or he picks out some proxy for his enemy and battles with him furiously. Either way, he drains off the emotion that was driving him to act when he was sober, and he comes out of his intoxication relieved of his pressure of resentment and rather sheepishly mild. As psychiatrists say, he has "escaped reality" for the time being, dominated it in a dream, and come back to it more contented.

This mechanism has always been the secret of alcohol's success with the civilized man. It releases the instinctive impulses which civilization requires him to repress; it allows him to blow off the pressure of his restrained emotions either in fact or in fancy or by means of a proxy and it returns him to his sober repressions again, relieved. In the civilizations in which alcohol is forbidden, the mind retreats from reality into fatalism and nirvana. Both the Moslem and the Hindu are resigned fatalists, and they both escape reality by denying its existence, retiring into a philosophic dream and drawing the curtain. The Western races who have faced reality with a courageous attack, have always used alcohol to help them.

It releases the Puritan to sexual excesses because his sexual impulses are the most tabooed. It produces insolence and pugnacity in those who are suffering with the inadequacies and inferiorities of suppressed egos. In ordinary social life, it overcomes self-consciousness, makes the shy man brave enough to talk, produces wit from the subconscious, and frees the natural friendliness of the social animal from that protective shell of self-defense in which he armors himself for the competitive activities of his business or his profession. To the neurotic, it is a dangerous drug, simply because it allows him to indulge his natural weakness for phantasying instead of facing any facts.

The trouble is that you cannot cure him of his habit of escaping simply by taking away his easiest means of escape. If you fill up the hole to which a frightened rabbit is accustomed to flee, you still will not make him stand and fight. It is not the hole that betrays him; it is the habit of running. And, to the psychiatrists it is not the drink that is the inebriate's curse, but his habit of fleeing into phantasy. To the psychiatrist, alcohol is not a habit-forming drug, any more than the hole in the ground is habit-forming to the rabbit.

SINCE this contention is important to all advocates of prohibition, it may be well to explain the psychological grounds for it. To begin with, the psychiatrists maintain that alcohol is not a true stimulant. Laboratory experiments show that "the muscular curve of work registers a progressive falling of efficiency under alcohol, and the same is true of mental work." Alcohol acts as if it were a stimulant only because it removes the load of conscious inhibitions that impede the flow of instinctive energy. In sickness, for example, it lightens the conscious feeling of dread, and permits the patient to use his residual energy more freely, but the total energy is actually cut down. It acts in the same way on the aged. It is only a stimulant in the sense that unloading a wagon is a stimulant to a tired horse.

The psychiatrists also question whether the use of alcohol causes degenerative changes in brain and body tissues which compel the drinker to continue its use. As to body tissues, "it is true that long use may produce degenerative changes," say the psychiatrists, "in gastro-intestinal, nervous, liver, circulatory, genito-urinary, special sense and respiratory systems; but it is also true that the chronic drinker may have none of these."

What makes alcohol habit-forming, according to the psychiatrist, is the memory of the exhilarating release which drink brings. Inhibitions disappear. The timid becomes brave and the solitary becomes social. This change seems to be a stimulation, and therefore alcohol appears to act as a stimulant. With his return to sobriety, the drunkard is ashamed, and to excuse himself he must now feel that he has a craving—an inheritance, perhaps, and at least an unbreakable habit. By that means, he evades responsibility.

Remove the alcohol, and the craving for release in phantasy takes another form. It may turn to drugs, or it may produce a neurosis. In religious conversion, the dependence on God and the support of co-religionists relieve the neurotic's sense of insufficiency and support him in a phantasy of religious safety, as the psychiatrists say. The well-adjusted and self-sufficient man cannot be made into an alcoholic any more than he can be made into a neurotic. To the psychiatrist, the real habit in alcoholism is the habit of needing phantasy as an escape from reality.

IF THIS be true—and the evidence for it is much more weighty than I can indicate here—then the failure of prohibition is no great matter. And it is no great mystery either. It is no matter, since the inebriates, whom prohibition was especially designed to protect, would have found some substitute for alcohol or they would have broken down in nervous disorders for want of it. And it is no mystery that the subconscious and instinctive need of alcohol should continue in Americans despite all the intelligent and economic reasons for its disuse, because any subconscious impulse in mankind will triumph over any intelligent opposition to it as surely as a stream of running water will finally top the highest dam.

What is appalling in the present situation is the new psychological status that has been conferred on drunkenness. Instead of being despised as a sign of weakness, it is now esteemed as an evidence of strength. It indi-

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

PROTESTATIONS against the idea of a naval armament race with the United States show both the sincerity of the desire in Great Britain to avoid the dangers of such a situation and the fear that it may be imminent. On all hands public men are suggesting ways to avoid it.

Lord Lee of Fareham, who was a member of the British delegation to the Washington Conference in 1922, wants the "vexed question of freedom of the seas" submitted to a committee of two statesmen, one American and one Englishman, preferably President-elect Hoover and Prime Minister Baldwin, or Charles Evans Hughes and Lord Balfour, who headed their respective delegations at Washington. He would exclude naval experts as a menace to any agreement.

Prime Minister Baldwin himself admits (in response to an inquiry in the House of Commons) that he is considering a new move with regard to naval limitation, but declines to disclose in what direction it would be.

Viscount Cecil, known around the world as an advocate of disarmament, proposes absolute mathematical equality between the navies of Great Britain and the United States, ton for ton and gun for gun. He also foresees the necessity to come to an understanding with the United States on the question of the right of neutrals to trade with belligerents in a war, subject to accepted international rules of blockade and contraband, instead of insisting on the traditional British assertion of freedom of capture and search.

Meanwhile Representative Britten's suggestion cabled to Prime Minister Baldwin, that a committee of the House of Commons should meet the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives "somewhere in Canada, sometime after March" to argue out the whole problem has interested Government, Parliament, and press. Conservative members of the House, representing the responsible point of view of the Cabinet party, were inclined to be doubtful of the value of the plan, particularly in view of the fact that next summer is to see a general election in Great Britain. Spokesmen of the Labor and Liberal opposition parties welcomed the idea, some of them enthusiastically.

Bureaucratic circles at the Admiralty and the Foreign Office were reserved and a little sarcastic about a scheme to substitute politicians for diplomats and experts in the attempt to solve the naval puzzle, but at the same time disposed to urge that it receive full and serious consideration. They have been belabored enough by Parliament and the press for the failure of the Geneva naval conference and for the mistake of the projected Anglo-French naval accord to be ready to say: "All right, let them try their hands at it and see how well they can do."

"UNCONVENTIONAL," most of the newspapers call Mr. Britten's method of addressing the Prime Minister over the heads of officials of the State Department; but they advocate an endeavor to take advantage of it as an opportunity to display good will and to achieve some progress.

"Mr. Britten has violated heaven knows how many traditions and practices," says the "Evening Star" of London, but adds: "At most he has proposed, in his own light-hearted way, what Lord Lee proposed here the other day—a meeting of men of good will unhampered by the presence of formula-bound experts to solve that which experts themselves have failed to solve. War revelations have shown us that it was the plain men who won the war while statesmen and generals were hoplessly bogged. If this particular Britten can rule the waves, the plain man will be as willing to cheer him . . . as he is to bow down in respectful astonishment before the diplomatic achievements of Sir Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Kellogg."

Mr. Britten's cablegram was not addressed to Mr. Baldwin as head of the British Government, points out the London correspondent of the influential Liberal "Manchester Guardian," but to him as leader of the majority party in the House of Commons. So it was not as irregular as might at first appear.

Something of the emotions underlying these expressions of British opinion comes to the surface in a letter from the historian, G. Lowes Dickinson, to the "Guardian." Twenty-four hours before war was declared between England and Germany, he recalls, the late Lord Asquith, Liberal party chief and war-time Prime Minister, declared that it was "unthinkable." Criticizing Prime Minister Baldwin for using the same term in regard to war between Great Britain and the United States, he asserts: "Everyone is thinking furiously" about it. Mr. Baldwin is sincere, he concedes, in saying that Great Britain will not compete with the United States in naval construction; but will the Cabinet and the Admiralty of two or three years from now take that view when the United States begins to come abreast in cruiser strength? The hope for peace he finds in an "about-face" policy, an agreement with the United States on rights at sea during possible League of Nations blockades, and definite arrangements for settlement of all disputes by amicable methods, as a "logical supplement to the Kellogg treaty."

HOOVER'S TOUR of South America meanwhile is engrossing the attention of Europe, although Great Britain is more concerned with the naval discussion. A writer in "L'Intransigeant" of Paris, whose name the editor withholds, gives warning that the aggressive policy of the United States, Great Britain, and "other nations" is weakening the prestige of France throughout Latin America.

German newspapers think they hear the clatter of dollars against pounds sterling, mingled with faint clashing of arms, in the publicity attending Mr. Hoover. The liberal "Vossische Zeitung" of Berlin predicts: "To put the matter bluntly, there will be a struggle in the near future between the pound and the dollar for supremacy in Latin American economics . . . The goal is the control of the oil fields of all America." And the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung" observes: "The relations of the United States to most Latin American countries were and are not of the best . . . In the recent election campaign . . . the Democrats attacked the party in power on account of its support of intervention policies in Nicaragua. Now it appears that the newly-elected President wants to allay that impression through his visit to Latin America."

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Twenty Years a Dictator

By T. R. YBARRA

Twenty years ago this month, Juan Vicente Gomez first became dictator of Venezuela. Long before the postwar crop of dictators ripened in European soil, Gomez had come down to Caracas from his native mountains, quietly seized the power when his chief was abroad and intrenched himself securely. Mr. Ybarra, long a foreign correspondent of the "New York Times" finds him at seventy, still hale and hearty, still holding tightly the reins of government

NEXT time anybody says to you: "Just think of it! Admiral Horthy has been dictator of Hungary for nearly ten years!" Or: "Isn't it marvelous how Mussolini has managed to stay dictator of Italy for six years!" Or: "Who would have believed that Primo de Rivera could have hung on to the dictatorship of Spain for five whole years!"—retort contemptuously:

"Bah! What are five years as a dictator, or six, or ten, to the record of Juan Vicente Gómez? He has been dictator of Venezuela for twenty years!"

Yes, twenty years ago this month—on December 19, 1908, to be exact—General Juan Vicente Gómez, entrusted by General Cipriano Castro, President of Venezuela, with the provisional Presidency while Castro went to Europe to undergo an operation, suddenly proclaimed himself supreme head of the Venezuelan Government—to the great annoyance of Castro. From that day to the present Gómez has remained at the head of affairs in Venezuela.

Part of the time he has called himself "Constitutional President of the Republic;" part of the time he has remained behind the scenes—not so very far behind, either—pulling the strings to which some marionette dubbed "president" danced in slavish obedience. But no matter what his title, Juan Vicente Gómez has been supreme autocrat of Venezuela throughout every day of every month of every one of the score of years since he gave Castro the surprise of his life by stealing his Presidential job from him.

Castro tried hard to "come back." He got as near Venezuela as the British island of Trinidad, only a few miles from the Venezuelan coast, and he hatched anti-Gómez plots from American and other soil, and if he had ever succeeded in laying his hands on Gómez he would most unquestionably have shot him at sunrise or sooner, but all his fury was in vain. Castro died a few years ago in Porto Rico, no nearer ousting Gómez than at the outset of his revolutionary endeavors.

Other ambitious Venezuelan chieftains have also done their best to tumble Gómez from his despotic perch, but they too have failed. Unless Juan Vicente Gómez dies, or unless, finally, some rival drives him from power within the next few years, he bids fair to equal the longest records in the annals of Latin American dictatorship.

Having rounded out twenty years already he is close on the heels of the few autocrats of the past who managed to stick to their jobs longer than that—Porfirio Diaz of Mexico; Rosas, of Argentina; Francia and Lopez of Paraguay; Estrada Cabrera of Guatemala. As for his native Venezuela, Gómez has already left in the shade the record of General Antonio Guzman Blanco, who—either as President or as a sort of "absentee landlord" wielding power from Paris—ruled Venezuela and emptied its treasury for seventeen years. The rest of the Venezuelan dictators—Paez, Crespo, Castro—are nowhere beside Gómez. Castro, Gómez's former boss, ruled a mere nine years, from 1899 to that December day in 1908 when Gómez kicked him out of the saddle—less than half the time that his quondam lieutenant has held the reigns in Venezuela.

JUAN Vicente Gómez will be seventy years old next year. Thirty years ago he was an insignificant shopkeeper in the mountainous State of Tachira, in the southwestern part of Venezuela, close to the Columbian frontier. There he became well acquainted with Cipriano Castro, already a local chieftain of considerable repute. Castra got the idea that the Venezuelan Government was not paying sufficient attention to him, so he journeyed to Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, to try for some tidbits of patronage.

Andrade, the President, received him coldly; Castro returned in a rage to his mountain home. The upshot of his rage was that he, Gómez and some sixty other hard-boiled mountaineers raised the flag of rebellion against Andrade and, collecting more followers as they progressed, audaciously moved toward the center of Venezuela.

That was in May, 1899. Four months later, after winning several pitched battles against the Government forces, Castro, Gómez and their companions marched triumphantly into Caracas. Castro proclaimed himself head of the Government.

He had a hard time keeping himself in power. Other Venezuelans desirous of being President did their best to make their dreams come true.

IN 1902 Castro, back to the wall, left Gómez in charge at Caracas, and, to the amazement of everybody, fought a sanguinary battle at La Victoria, the gateway to the capital, in which he utterly routed General Matos and his army. Undismayed by the Matos debacle, another ambitious Venezuelan, Rolando, continued the fight. This time Castro sat on the lid at Caracas while Juan Vicente Gómez led the Castrist armies against the new enemy. And Gómez, the former storekeeper in a mountain village, proved himself a good general. He beat Rolando in two big battles and completely crushed his rebellion. Thenceforth, for five years, Cipriano Castro ruled Venezuela with Juan Vicente Gómez as his right hand man.

But brandy and women played too large a part in Castro's life—so much so that, in 1908, his health imperatively demanded a drastic operation. Ascertaining that a certain Berlin professor was the world's greatest specialist for his particular ailment, Castro offered the professor a huge sum if he would journey to Venezuela. But the Teuton replied:

"I am not accustomed to go to my patients; I am accustomed to having them come to me!"

So Castro reluctantly entrusted the reins of autocracy to Gómez and set out for foreign shores. He never came back. Hardly had his chief gone before Gómez, alleging the discovery of a plot against his life, declared himself Dic-

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tator of Venezuela. And dictator he has been ever since.

Plot after plot has been hatched against him; rebellion after rebellion has been nipped in the bud. New York, London, Paris, all have colonies of Venezuelan exiles—men literally thirsting for the blood of Gómez.

He doesn't like Caracas, the Venezuelan capital. Its sophisticated inhabitants are not to the taste of this rough mountaineer and ex-shopkeeper. So he has made for himself another capital, at Maracay, some seventy-five miles from Caracas. Before the days of the Gómez régime Maracay was merely a pleasant provincial town. Today, blooming under the favor of the dictator, it has become a beautiful little modern city, resplendent with electric light, possessing pretty parks and broad boulevards. Gómez delights to lavish his bounty on Maracay—nothing is too good for its citizens.

Gómez hates to leave Maracay. Not only has he never been to Europe or the United States but he goes to Caracas and other parts of his realm only when he must. If the American Minister to Venezuela, or His Britannic Majesty's representatives, or any other diplomat, wishes to confer with the dictator, he must board a train or get himself a motor-car and cover the seventy-five miles between Caracas, the official capital of the land, and Maracay, the capital by grace of Gómez's whim.

Gómez has never married, but at Maracay he is surrounded by a veritable harem of female favorites, and his progeny are legion.

Affairs of state bore him; he is a farmer and business man first, a dictator afterward. He disposes of official matters as quickly as possible, in order to turn to the things which really interest him—cattle-raising, tilling the soil, dairy-farming. Nor does he just talk about them. Visitors are sure to be invited to inspect the dictator's herds of cattle, to see his model dairy, to go over his cotton mills. Maybe they will get a glimpse of Gómez remarking to a humble plowman: "Here, let me show you how to do that right!" and forthwith plowing as straight a furrow as one could desire.

The dictator solemnly assures visitors that his interest in cattle and dairies, cotton mills and agriculture is inspired solely by his love for Venezuela and his desire to show the Venezuelans how to do things. The fact remains, nevertheless, that he has made himself one of the richest men in Latin America by virtue of the manifold interests to which he devotes himself at Maracay. His dairy is virtually a monopoly—so are his cotton mills.

Gómez is a sturdy man. He is stockily built, with a broad forehead, prominent cheek bones, small eyes peering out from behind big eyeglasses. He does not give the impression of intelligence—he seems shrewd, however. Having had only the most rudimentary education, his lack of book knowledge and general culture is a source of endless uncomplimentary anecdotes among his enemies. One, for instance, is to the effect that, when he was discussing the installation of new telegraph lines in Venezuela, he impressed upon the man

Keystone

GENERAL JUAN VICENTE GÓMEZ

Supreme autocrat of Venezuela for twenty years

entrusted with the job the necessity of using only ordinary wire—"not a single bit of barbed-wire, mind you!"—since, if the latter were used, "telegrams would be badly torn in transit!"

Toward his enemies Gómez has shown vindictive cruelty. He has filled the prisons of Venezuela with those opposed to his dictatorship. Many of these men were loaded with chains; heavy handcuffs were fixed to their wrists, still heavier fetters to their ankles. They were confined in fetid dungeons, fed barely enough to keep them alive. Many died in captivity; others, wasted to skeletons, were more dead than alive when finally released.

Tortures, also reminiscent of the Spanish Inquisition, were inflicted on prisoners reluctant to answer questions. In the prison at Caracas, notorious under the name of "La Rotunda," and in other prisons used by Gómez for immuring his foes there was, one is told, an institution known as "la escuela de canto" (the singing school) invented to make prisoners talk—to make them "cantar," or sing as the Venezuelan vernacular has it. Here particularly refined methods of torture were used and it was a stoical victim indeed who did not "sing" everything he knew or more than he knew, to escape further agonies. Some captives died while receiving lessons at "singing school."

Recently Gómez decreed that all political prisoners in Venezuela should be freed and he extended an amnesty to his enemies abroad, inviting them to return. Some did. Others, though, politely declined the invitation.

Gómez is particularly proud of the network of highways which he has built in Venezuela. They thread the land in all directions, providing good means of communication between the different parts of the republic, which is almost as large as France and Germany rolled into one. He also prides himself on the fact that Venezuela is a country where "peace, union and labor" are supreme. Once, however, when Gómez got off his phrase about "peace, union and labor" a Venezuelan exile, furiously antagonistic to the dictator, sneeringly observed: "Peace, union and labor, eh? Yes, indeed! Peace in the cemeteries, union in the prisons, forced labor on the roads!"

Gómez's friends cannot find complimentary phrases enough for their idol. Florid and exuberant though the Spanish language is, they find it deficient in laudatory adjectives once they start singing their pæans of praise. On the other hand, his enemies ransack the same tongue for epithets sufficiently derogatory to be attached to his name. Recently one indulged in this outburst apropos of the dictator—couched in Spanish words that positively sizzled:

"He is a monster of infinite wickedness, without ties or affinity of any sort with human beings; a merciless foe of mankind, more frightful even than the most savage beasts of the wilderness!"

To which his admirers retort by calling Gómez "El Bememerito"—The Meritorious—and similar sugary names, and he himself by pondering on how to breed better cattle and make more money and run Venezuela still longer.

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

CHRISTMAS is drawing near. (It shall never be said that *this* department is out of touch with current events, even if it is living in Marblehead.) And as Christmas draws near, it appears to be traditional—in the jovial old Yuletide spirit—for various manufacturers to bob up with what they are pleased to term "gifts." Everything from a bottle of cod-liver oil to a patent ash-sifter becomes a "gift" at about this time of year. The Western Union telegram, delivered on a holly-bordered sheet, becomes a "gift message." Razor blades come in "gift packages." So do bathroom towel bars. So, I believe, does ginger ale. And so —for all I know—do Idaho potatoes and Johnson's Floor Wax. Anything, I repeat, is potentially a gift.

Now, with so many gifts to give, the thing becomes somewhat complicated. And, with a flush of Christmas generosity no less ruddy than that of the manufacturers, the newspaper and magazine "shopper columns" undertake to "solve your Christmas problems" with lists of "suggestions." And this department, accordingly, determined to do the gracious thing by its readers, herewith offers such a list. It's a little hard getting started, though. In a virtual welter of belt-buckle and collar-button "gift" advertisements, for example, I stumble across a full page picture and announcement of the Hotel St. Regis. Can it be that some one will awaken Christmas morning to find himself the happy recipient of the Hotel St. Regis? Hmm; . . . this list is going to need careful planning. I knew the Christmas spirit was on the boom, but the Hotel St. Regis . . . Well, here goes.

1. *Tres chic* are the pajamas "of imported fabric woven for army officers in India" for sale by B. & K. (Makes a very nifty personal gift for any army officer living in India.)

2. "This Christmas, as usual, Krementz Jewelry will be given in thousands of homes . . . and just as many thousands of men will show their appreciation of Krementz Quality." (There ought to be a special message in the Western Union book of canned sentiments for men who wish to show this appreciation in a proper form.)

3. Make some lucky "him" or "her" owner of a Buxton Key-Tainer and "protected by the Buxton Free-Key-Return - Service - ask-your-dealer-how-this-exclusive-service-operates." (A man who needs a key return service ought to have a gift from any man who buys his gifts via a "suggestions column.")

4. "Pilot Wheel Cigar Cutter and Ash Trays." Cuts cigars by spinning ship's wheel and should delight any man who likes to cut cigars, particularly a man who likes to cut cigars by spinning a ship's wheel.

5. "Hand turned pottery jug filled with Aunt Nancy's home made Sorghum molasses. Quarts $1.35. Postage extra." As the ad says, it's a "different" gift. A quart of molasses! I'll venture to say you'd never have thought of *that*, all right, all right.

6. Statuette of an owl with a barometer set into his middle. ($6 at A. & F.) A lovely gift that must be seen to be appreciated.

7. Hotel St. Regis. (I thought I'd better put it in, just in case . . .)

8. Handsome gift box ("The Gentlemen's Package") of soap, toilet water, talcum powder, etc. The box is too good to throw away after you have used up the contents and will probably kick around the house for years—a constant reminder of your Christmas spirit.

9. Very correct, *mes enfants*, is a five-year subscription to the Outlook and Independent, with its gay red, blue, green covers, wrapped in the cunningest paper wrappers, and delivered by the jolliest old postmen every week in the year. (When answering advertisements please mention Walton Morton.)

10. Golf balls. (Just the thing for the man who plays golf!) Also: fish-hooks for the fisherman, typewriter ribbons for the typist, nails for the carpenter, etc., etc.

11. "Carnelian roosters can be given in sets or singly and are the ideal gift for the woman who already has everything." (Vanity Fair) After all, there's nothing *quite* like a nice set of Carnelian Roosters, is there?

12. Set of knives and forks with handles of some color different from the present color of knife and fork handles. That is: if your friends' tools have red handles, give them a green set and *vice versa*. This is progress.

13. "An umbrella seems an uninteresting sort of present, but this is no ordinary umbrella. It was made by the English manufacturer Briggs, has a leather handle in which is fitted a gold pencil." (Vanity Fair) Okay if it also comes with a gold handle and leather pencil. You know, some people are fussy about these things . . . (Nice gift, though. Myself—every time a thunder shower catches me out, I always feel like doing a little scribbling then and there and half the time I can't for the life of me find a pencil.)

14. Another thing about item 13: if you were ever stung for the check in a restaurant and the roof started to leak, you could simply whip out your pencil, open the Briggs umbrella, and there you'd be just as snug as you please!

15. Cash (money). Very raffish indeed is a crisp five, fifty, or hundred dollar bill. *Parbleu, mes amis—quel Noel joyeux!* God rest you merry gentlemen! (When answering advertisements mention Walton Morton.)

16. "Radio-Cellarette—De Luxe—Model 7800. Equipped with 24 glasses, four decanters, silver shaker, silver tray, mixing spoon, knife, corkscrew-bottle-opener, and glass lemon reamer . . . At lower right, next to speaker, is a humidor drawer equipped with moistening pad and lock. With above equipment, but without receiving set or speaker, $430." (The Pooley Company, Philadelphia) Oil burner and privet hedge extra.

CERTAINLY, my merrymakers, here is a gift! This outfit compares very favorably as a token with the Hotel St. Regis, *n'est-ce-pas?* If you didn't install the radio set right away, you could probably use that area for a guest room, and of course you could always build onto it, anyhow. Right down there by the humidor is a dandy place for a 2-car garage. Perhaps the thing could be anchored off 72nd Street or in the Charles River—a home afloat—but they don't tell you how much water she draws. (Well, Mistah Pooley, how much watah *does* she draw?) "Ponder its possibilities," the advertisement says—just as if we wouldn't. By the way, Pooley: do you happen to stock a radio cabinet that can double for a Standard Oil filling station? I have to get something for my little daughter.

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From the Life

The Cloak

By IBBY HALL

TODAY a fur coat worn over thin silks and diaphanous underwear is a part of almost every wardrobe. But twenty years ago, when woolens had not quite gone out, and an actress was some one connected with the stage, a fur coat was still counted one of the luxuries of life.

Twenty years ago a girl from the South was coming into her own. Careers for women south of the Mason and Dixon line were still looked upon askance, but talents were permissible even then. This girl was both talented and beautiful, and she was allowed to have her career. It was right and fitting that so golden a voice as hers should belong to the public; to the world, in fact. Even so, it was the other side of the world that recognized her first. And it was in Germany, a number of years before the Great War, that the young Southerner was acclaimed as a star.

It should have made little difference whether the family at home was pleased or not. Roots could hardly count, except as provincialisms to one who was an international success. The little Southern girl was the heroine of a fairy tale. Her magic cloak was music. She sang the famous rôles. She became those glamorous figures of tragedy and romance. She moved successfully in that circle of light and beauty which is the eternal truth of music.

The War came first. Music was drowned in noise. The opera singer returned to her own country. No doubt she had acquired habits of extravagance. The extravagance of happiness, the extravagance of a point of view that was her own, the extravagance of independence.

It was only the other day that she found herself alone with her last extravagance. She had nothing left of all her possessions except a fur coat. She was in a city far from home—a city colder than home, where a fur coat for a delicate woman was a necessity. She had become a delicate woman. Ill health had ravaged her. Beauty had left her, and her music was without a voice. Winter was coming fast and there was nothing left to cover her but the fur coat. That, or the ground. She could choose between them.

It would be a fair exchange. She had worn and discarded many coats of many materials for new ones.

Before winter could come any closer, she hurried to a pawn shop. She was right, it was a good coat, and now it paid for the poison and a room in which she could lie down. The new wrap would last her for the rest of existence.

Forbidden Fruit

SOMEWHERE in Germany there lives a rich man who has proved more than successful in his direction of a stockyard. But in spite of his rise to power and greatness, he has never lost his childlike taste for the simple things of life; he has had always that true, German response for those ingenious and pretty toys, designed to divert the grown-up from the heavy burden of financial responsibilities. It was only recently, in fact, that the stockyard director fell victim to an apple.

It was a beautiful apple. It was the kind of apple that every child dreams of finding on only the next branch above his head; not the crimson variety so often disappointing to the taste, but one of those mellow, golden affairs touched with only enough color to promise an odor of wine within. The great man must have climbed many a tree in his youth in search of this identical prize. In any event, he had no sooner spied this apple in the window of a shop than he was immediately filled with the tormenting and delicious lust of boyhood. This was what he had always wanted.

The stockyard director took the apple home with him, his mind revolving a delicate problem. What spot in his big house was worthy to hold this masterpiece? He wanted it where he could look at it always. His bureau, he decided, was the psychological spot.

Now there was a housemaid in the great man's palace whose ideas of life were very different from those of her master. Childhood held no lure for her. If ever she thought in terms of a promised land, it could mean for her only the land of love and romance, which, so far, she had never quite managed to reach. But she was within sight of it. She had a sweetheart and life had suddenly become a very exciting affair. For the first time life was smiling upon her. Naturally, when she was dusting the master's bureau, her eye fell upon the golden apple with contempt.

An apple, indeed! And standing out like an ornament to collect dust and be no good to anybody. With all his money, she knew what she would do! His fine pictures, his rugs, his expensive ornaments, his jewels—now there he had had some sense about him. If only a small part of this were hers. . . .

Her sweetheart had a pal who was a quick worker. All they needed from her was the promise of an open door at a moment when the house would be empty and two enterprising fellows could be undisturbed.

IT ALL happened as her sweetheart had promised. She watched her chance. The hour came when the great silent house was betrayed and at the mercy of the two men. They came at last to the master's bed room, full as all the other rooms of treasure to be gathered quietly and quickly.

Suddenly they stopped. The two looked at each other and hesitated. No sound had disturbed them, but something more insidious, more dangerous had struck at their senses. In front of them was an apple. Just such an apple as they had always hoped to find in boyhood. There was something about it not to be resisted.

As one man, each reached a hand for the tempting fruit. Before one had succeeded in tasting his bite, the other had wrested the apple almost from his mouth and was tasting his.

In the second that followed the two men stared indignantly at each other and spat with all the violent haste of acute nausea. How were they to have suspected that some ingenious artist had conceived the notion of fashioning a perfect apple out of soap?

The police of that German town were delighted with their success in apprehending the criminals and recovering the stolen goods.

"Wonderful," they kept on repeating to each other, "teeth marks in an apple! Just as good as fingerprints any day."

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Napoleon's Barber"

OTTO MATTHIESON looks more like Napoleon than any actor we have seen in our theatrical experience here and abroad (advt.) and furthermore, he lends conviction both vocal and histrionic to the part. It's too bad that his performance must suffer through faulty work on the part of the Movietone.

"Napoleon's Barber" is Arthur Caesar's one-act play of the same name made into a talking picture. It deals with a chance visit of the Emperor to a tiny village near Waterloo where, unknown except by reputation he goes to the barber shop of the leading local revolutionist. Napoleon is merely a name to this barber, who has convinced himself that the Little Corporal is a fiend incarnate, sucking out the life-blood of France. He vows that if the monster's throat should come beneath his razor France would then and there be freed from Bonaparte.

Napoleon, in the course of getting a shave, learns of these sentiments from the barber's own lips and agrees, half humorously and half tragically, with all that is said. As the barber, unaware of his customer's identity, proceeds with his strictures the Emperor, little by little, reveals himself.

Thoroughly frightened, but game, he fingers the razor for the murderous deed only to fall gibbering to the floor under his monarch's piercing gaze.

John Ford directed this little drama and invested it with all the glamour it deserved. His costuming and settings, the details of Napoleon's approach and departure, the waddling geese and the gaping peasants—all these are worthy of Mr. Matthieson's characterization. But the voice recording of the Movietone and the slow pace of the talking scenes are drawbacks that no amount of good work could entirely surmount.

"Masks of the Devil"

We didn't see quite all of this picture, a fact for which we are willing to make any suitable amends except to go back and see it again. We can inform you that John Gilbert is in it, and Ralph Forbes. Theodore Roberts (the grand old man of the movies) Alma Rubens and the latest European screen "find," Eva von Berne. We can further state that each and every one of these actors will without doubt appear on the screen again at no distant date, barring accidents, and we can conclude by advising you to wait until they do so, in some picture which shall be less of a monumental bore than "Masks of the Devil."

It's true that John Gilbert is colorful—he always is; it's equally true that he is called upon in "Masks of the Devil" to attempt some acting of a rather more serious sort than usual and that he does it very well. The fact remains that the picture is a washout. Eva von Berne might have saved it, perhaps, if she had turned out to be the "find" that she is supposed to be. Maybe if we see her in a better picture we'll be more impressed.

"Manhattan Cocktail"

We said all the flattering things in the dictionary about Nancy Carroll's performance in "The Water Hole," among which was the statement that she ranks next to Greta Garbo as a screen actress. We repeat all that we said, after seeing Miss Carroll in "Manhattan Cocktail."

Without Nancy Carroll "Manhattan Cocktail" would be an awfully bum picture and honesty compels us to state that it isn't so hot, anyway. It's all about the small-town girl who comes to New York and goes on the stage, followed by her small-town sweetheart who comes to protect her from the wicked producer who is sure to bargain for her success in the way that producers *will* do. The sweetheart (nicely played by Richard Arlen) turns out to have made no mistake, for this particular impressario is Paul Lukas, and you know *him* and his licentious way, if you've been to Paramount Pictures at all, of late.

Miss Carroll sings two undistinguished songs in "Manhattan Cocktail" and sings them very prettily. It's no use saying that you will be sure to like her if you see this picture, because her opportunities for delicate comedy, the medium in which she excels, are all too limited. The same may be said of Richard Arlen, a most gifted leading man. The only really good part in "Manhattan Cocktail" is that of the producer's boy-struck wife, played more than ordinarily well by Lilyan Fashman.

OTTO MATTHIESON
The Little Corporal in "Napoleon's Barber"

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The World This Week

Ourselves and the Neighbors

President-elect Hoover is a good teacher. He is, first of all, as he frankly admits, educating himself. He will incidentally also help to educate the countries he visits. But what is most evident just now is that he is educating his fellow countrymen.

He had no sooner started on the battleship Maryland than out came the geographies, atlases, encyclopedias, and books of travel from the shelves of editorial libraries and off to the linotypes goes information about Latin America in general in the form of editorials. As he makes his stops we read on the editorial page of our favorite newspaper about the population, area, products, and so on, of Guatemala and Honduras, of Nicaragua, of Salvador and Costa Rica, and of Panama. Where is the Gulf of Fonseca? We do not have to look it up in the map. We read about it at the breakfast table or after the day's work. Thanks to Mr. Hoover and the editors, the American people are back at school learning or relearning some geography lessons.

Of all the countries of Central America the one that receives most attention from the daily press is Nicaragua. Mr. Hoover's reception by the Conservative President Diaz and the Liberal President-elect Moncada, formerly at war with each other, gives occasion for reviews of our intervention there. Two or three newspapers out of a score or more seem to think the visit must have been embarrassing. They apparently have not made themselves very well acquainted with the events of the past two years or so, or else they feel it necessary to hold to former views that our marines were getting us in trouble. Most of the newspapers, however, are well pleased at the outcome and find it unnecessary to be more Nicaraguan than the Nicaraguans. There is renewed and favorable interest in the project of a Nicaraguan Canal. Dr. Cumberland's proposal made in a report to the Department of State, to lend Nicaragua money to stabilize her Government and her economic affairs evokes some words of caution against the appearance of imperialism. On the whole American sentiment as echoed in the press seems favorable to the development of the relations between the United States and Nicaragua which both Nicaraguan parties welcome.

While Mr. Hoover has been arousing friendly interest in our Latin neighbors to the South, the *sequelæ* of the President's Armistice Day speech have been arousing a more critical, though not at all unfriendly, interest in our more closely related neighbor in the British Isles. For the first time since the early days of the World War, when the British navy enforced its blockade against our shipping, American newspapers have become rather acutely conscious of Great Britain's maritime

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

DOUBLE PROSPECTS OF HIS RESCUE

policy. Frankly they do not like it. A few profess to be indifferent, on the ground that Great Britain is essentially imperialistic while the United States is essentially continental and self-contained, and it does not matter if we do occasionally have to use the seas only as Britain tells us we may; but such newspapers are not typical. The old spirit of 1812 has been somehow awakened. This new consciousness of British sea power, aroused by the agreement between France and England and by the rather hot-tempered English comments on the President's speech, has done more to bring support to the naval bill for the construction of fifteen cruisers than all the urgings of American naval experts. It is not exactly a spirit of "We'll show them;" it is rather a new sense of independence. Nobody wants naval competition, but very nearly everybody thinks that it is time we rounded out our navy according to our own ideas and not according to the ideas of some other peoples. There is more than the usual outspokenness about the tendency of some Americans of a pacifist disposition to assume that what our Government does in its own people's interest is presumably wrong. There is less patience shown than usual to the habit of some Americans to apologize to Europe for what their own country does. There is nothing in the least unfriendly in this. It is entirely consistent with the almost universally sympathetic interest in King George's illness. And it is accompanied with expressions of welcome for such conciliatory words as have come from Lord Lee of Fareham and from Viscount Cecil. Representative Britten's attempt to supplant the President as negotiator with Britain is treated on the whole rather ironically.

With rare exceptions the press hopes for the early ratification of the Kellogg anti-war treaty and for the success of the President's negotiations to remove the obstacles to our joining the World Court.

There is some despondency at the prospect of the short session, now beginning, of the Lame Duck Congress. The navy bill and the Kellogg treaty have to face the possibility of a filibuster. Reapportionment, which the House of Representatives has shamefully neglected,—or rather refused to enact,—is not very hopefully demanded to rectify the present inequality in the representation of a number of States. Farm relief is somewhat too much to expect now. The press seems to be preparing public opinion for the necessity of a special session.

Mr. Hoover Reports

The misfortune of the farmer seems to be simply that he deals in the bare necessities, whereas the National mood seems to be: "Away with the necessities! Give us luxuries!" Thus, we find Mr. Hoover saying in his final report as Secretary of Commerce:

"It is true that the increase in agricultural production both over a long period of time and during recent years, has been decidedly less rapid than that in the production of manufactured and mineral products. The demand for farm commodities, which are for the

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most part necessities of life, tends to increase little if any more rapidly than population. On the other hand, there is practically no limit to the demand for manufactured commodities, many of which are in the nature of semi-luxuries or luxuries, or in the nature of additions to the capital equipment of the nation. Even if the need for one type is fully met, new and more highly elaborated articles are constantly coming into use with the advancing standards of living and of the equipment for production."

Last week we quoted Virgil Jordan, chief economist of the National Industrial Conference Board, as saying that we were in the grip of a "prosperity complex" which had obscured the depression in such basic industries as textiles, coal, agriculture, railroads and shipping. Mr. Hoover's observations lend weight to that opinion, though his report in the main is optimistic.

▸▸McNary Without Haugen

Senator McNary, without aid or comfort from Representative Haugen, has drafted a farm relief bill which is said to have the approval of both President Coolidge and President-to-be Hoover. They are silent gentlemen on matters of this sort and neither has said anything that would prevent opposition to the McNary Bill. Secretary of Agriculture Jardine has, however, definitely and in words approved it. Jardine continues, as he has been for several years, an excellent stalking horse for Hoover. If the McNary Bill meets with popular disfavor, only Jardine will suffer—and he is used to it. If the McNary Bill meets with popular favor, Hoover will gain—and he, too, is used to that.

To conclude, as many have done, that those who favored the McNary-Haugen Bill will be content with the McNary Bill is to make a violent assumption. Senator McNary almost deserted his hyphen mate at the last session. Only when pressure was brought to bear did he join with the Iowa Congressman in drafting the bill which the President was later to veto. In the main, Mr. Coolidge approved the McNaryism in the bill and vetoed it because of its Haugenism. The rampant farmers favored it because of its Haugenism. It may be that some of these modified their views during the Presidential campaign but there is no proof of it.

The McNary Bill appears to follow fairly closely the proposals made by Mr. Hoover during the campaign. It provides for stabilization corporations, financed and managed by a Government agency, to buy crop surpluses and hold them during times of glut. Many farmers, in common with many men of other occupations, have always opposed this policy which may now be called—with a question mark—a Hoover policy. Whether a majority will now prefer it to the equalization fee or whether still another plan must be slowly worked out at a special session, as urged by Senator Borah, remains to be seen.

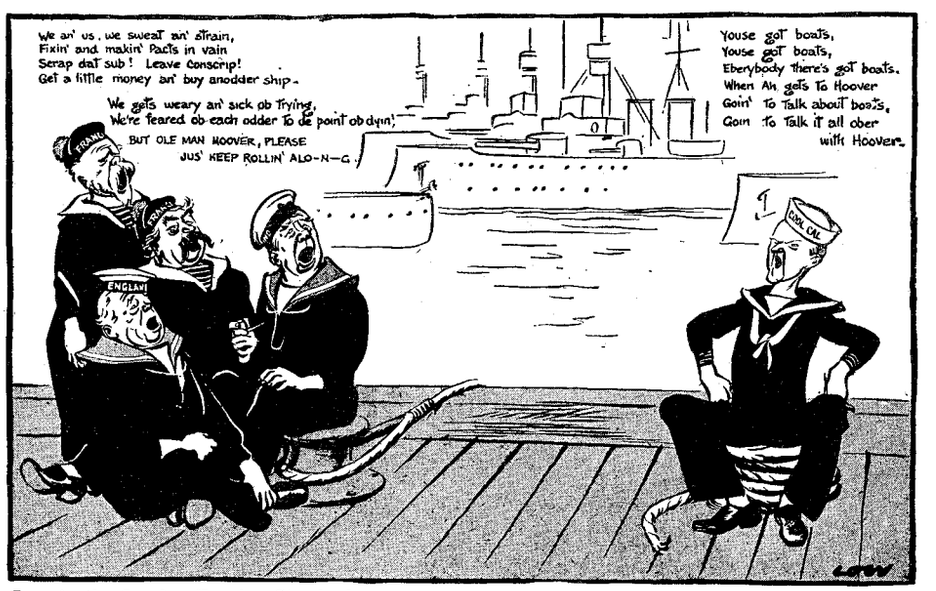
▸▸Last Will and Testament

In more solemn cadences President Coolidge has informed the short-term Congress that "the country can regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism." He finds tranquillity and contentment at home, peace and mutual understanding in the field of foreign relations, and he suggests nothing novel that might disturb this delightful state of affairs. In this, his last political will and testament, he calls upon the Nation to utilize the wealth "created by our enterprise and industry and saved by our economy" for the "enlargement of its intellectual, moral and spiritual life."

"The issue is in the hands of the people," he concludes in the manner of one who recognizes that already he is almost an historical figure, and therefore a seer. "Our faith in man and God is the justification for the belief in our continuing success."

One lurking fear persists to darken what otherwise is a "more pleasing" prospect than it has been the privilege of any President to survey upon leaving the White House. As a legacy to his successor, he leaves the warning that to depart from his program of economy and incur such an "unthinkable" thing as a deficit would constitute "financial disgrace." This troublous thought recurs again and again in the pæan. There must be no "new appropriations for immediate outlays," he insists, but if these should be "absolutely required," there must be provision for collection of "new revenue." Republican leaders in Congress, we fear, will not appreciate the frankness with which the President suggests that only a higher tariff will provide the $1,000,000,000 to meet authorizations made or in the making for new cruisers, flood control, farm relief and other items.

In Nicaragua the President sees peaceful conditions resulting from the Stimson agreement except for "a few bandits who later mostly surrendered or left the country." Our relations with Mexico, due to Ambassador Morrow's work, are on a more satisfactory basis than ever before, and a "final adjustment of all unsettled questions" is promised. The Kellogg pact, now before the Senate, is "the most solemn declaration against war . . . that it is possible for sovereign nations to make." But, recognizing that it is only a "declaration," the President urges passage of the fifteen-cruiser bill and maintenance of the Army and Navy at their present standards. They cannot be reduced, he says, and officers of both branches are inclined to agree with him. Despite his


We an' us, we sweat an' strain,
Fixin' and makin' Pacts in vain
Scrap dat sub! Leave conscrip!
Get a little money an' buy anodder ship.
We gets weary an' sick ob Trying,
We're feared ob each odder To de point ob dyin';
BUT OLE MAN HOOVER, PLEASE
JUS' KEEP ROLLIN' ALO-N-G.
Youse got boats,
Youse got boats,
Eberybody there's got boats.
When Ah gets To Hoover
Goin' To Talk about boats,
Goin To Talk it all ober
with Hoover.
FRANCE
ENGLAND
COOLIDGE

Low in the London Evening Standard

NAVAL "SPIRITUALS"
But Ole Man Hoover. . . .

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new effort to obtain European agreement to our reservations to the World Court Protocol, the President does not see fit to refer to the machinery by which even the Kellogg pact must be made an effective instrument for the preservation of peace.

Some of Herbert Hoover's mildness is found in the President's reference to prohibition. Mr. Coolidge admits the right of any one to demand repeal or modification. Meantime, he says, the Federal Government will make every effort to enforce the dry laws because "it is bound to continue this policy." But he calls upon the States to mobilize their legislative, judicial and police branches of government behind Secretary Mellon and Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

▸▸Crime News from Chicago

CHICAGO'S so-called Eller Gang has been sharply slapped on the wrist. A Cook County jury has found fifteen men guilty out of sixteen charged with conspiracy to commit fraud and violence, resulting in one death. At the same time it limited punishment to fines ranging from $400 to $1,250.

Last primary day in Chicago was a day of crookedness and turmoil in the Twentieth Ward. There Morris Eller was boss. Ballot boxes were tampered with. Watchers of the Chicago Bar Association and other primary watchers were kidnapped. Men were assaulted. One man, a negro, was murdered.

For conspiring to commit these crimes, Harry Hochstein, Eller's chief lieutenant in the ward organization and Assistant State Fish Culturist, was fined $1,000 as was Abe Klass, Eller's kinsman; and Sam Kaplan was fined $1,250. The rest were fined lesser amounts. "The fines," says the Chicago "Daily News," "will not cause a single defendant a minute's anxiety. The underworld will pay them readily or will find means of reimbursing those who make a parade of paying them."

Morris Eller himself and his son, a judge, were not tried. They are to be tried separately. All of those found guilty of conspiracy and fined are—or were at the end of the trial—still under indictment, three for murder and others for kidnapping and assault. So this effort to break up the partnership between violent crime and crooked politics is to continue.

At about the same time that one jury was letting these conspirators off with fines, another jury in Chicago acquitted a man who had killed his son—because the killer was drunk! The young man had told his father that he had rather be dead than be the son of a drunkard. So after abusing his wife the man shot his son dead. And at the trial everybody seems to have wept—father, mother, daughter, prosecutor, even judge and jury. And the killer went free.

Why is this not a way out for crooked politicians and the underworld in Chicago? Let all who follow the example of the gang in the "Bloody Twentieth" Ward plead intoxication. "Did I steal an election? Dear me! I was drunk. Did I bomb a judge's house? How dreadful! I was drunk. Did I kill a watcher at the polls? Too bad! I was drunk." Then everybody can cry and go home till the next trial for murder in Chicago.

Underwood

THE 124TH OF HIS LINE

Emperor Hirohito of Japan is crowned in the ancient ceremonial robes of his ancestors

▸▸Treasures of Antiquity

AT LAST the Greek Government has given formal permission for American energy and American money to excavate some fifteen acres in the heart of ancient Athens. The plan was announced a year ago and was made possible by the guaranty of funds by an American who prefers to remain unknown.

The section of Athens to be uncovered is the Agora, or market place, also a civic center, which lay stretched out at the base of the Acropolis. Cicero declared that it was filled with buildings of ineffable beauty. The site is largely covered with modern buildings, so that the cost of removing them after they are acquired by purchase or condemnation will be high and the time needed will be long. But if, as is hoped, there are found such treasures as a statue by Phidias, a famed temple to the Mother of Gods, and innumerable mementos of Grecian art, history and religion, the completed project will be one of utmost importance. The possibilities are fascinating and almost unbounded.

The principal American colleges and universities will co-operate in the work, which will be supervised by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

▸▸Death of a Liberator

A THIRTY YEARS' war for liberalism in the churches of the Southern Baptist communion ended—doubtless it was won—when Dr. Edgar Y. Mullins died. It was in 1899 that Dr. Mullins was called to the presidency of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, succeeding the scholarly old autocrat and dogmatist, Dr. John A. Broadus. At that time it amounted to heresy to say that there did not come straight down from apostolic times a church which always practiced immersion as the only form of baptism. Yet Dr. Mullins, hardly settled into his seat as president of the seminary, said it.

Such a storm was raised as few religious denominations have weathered. Mullins, new to his work, would probably have been deposed, had not the late Dr. George A. Loftin, then a patriarch in the Baptist ministry, come to the rescue with a book entitled "The English Baptist Reformation" in which he proved Dr. Mullins's contention that sects from which Baptists claim descent had at times not only accepted but practiced other modes of baptism.

It may be hard for persons of this day to realize that such a question could ever have raised a storm but, in the last year of the last century, it seemed to many a very vital thing. Dr. Mullins's victory had the effect, finally, of practically ending the old Baptist practice of frequent doctrinal sermons and interdenominational debates. For

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that if for nothing else, America owes to the memory of this man a lasting debt of gratitude.

As years went on Dr. Mullins engaged in other battles for liberalism but none to compare with that first one —until the war between "liberals" and "fundamentalists" in very recent years. Then he was able to bring within his own communion acceptance of his belief that evolution "as a theory but only as a theory" should be accepted.

It is impossible that a denomination most of whose leading ministers were educated under such a man can be devoted to anti-evolution laws and similar silliness. Others will rate Dr. Mullins as preacher, teacher, administrator, church statesman. But in all of them he was the liberator of men's minds from dogmatism.

▶▶*Critics of the Bible*

INCIDENTALLY, we find small encouragement for the literalists in a new commentary on the Holy Scripture which has just been published in England. The editor in chief is Dr. Charles Gore, Anglican theologian and his contributors are all learned men of the Church of England.

They declare, says a dispatch to the "New York Times", that Moses was not the author of the Pentateuch; that the origin of the legend of the deluge probably was a disastrous flood in Babylon; that Methusaleh's imposing age was incompatible with the structure of the human body of that period; that Melchizedek was not a priest of the true God but a Canaanite deity; that the legend of the Pillar of Fire might have originated in the custom of carrying a burning brazier before the army; that it is difficult to accept the Second Commandment as original, since images were widely used in the worship of Jehovah until the Eighth Century; that it is difficult to reconcile Belshazzar's feast with the historic fact that there never was a King Belshazzar; that there is a connection between Old Testament miracles and the Semitic habit of exaggeration; and that the statement in II Samuel 19 that Elhanan slew Goliath has a better historical basis than the story of David and the giant warrior.

In the light of these revisions it is interesting to read that the learned men, however, still do declare "as overwhelming the evidence for Christ's resurrection."

▶▶*Science in a Submarine*

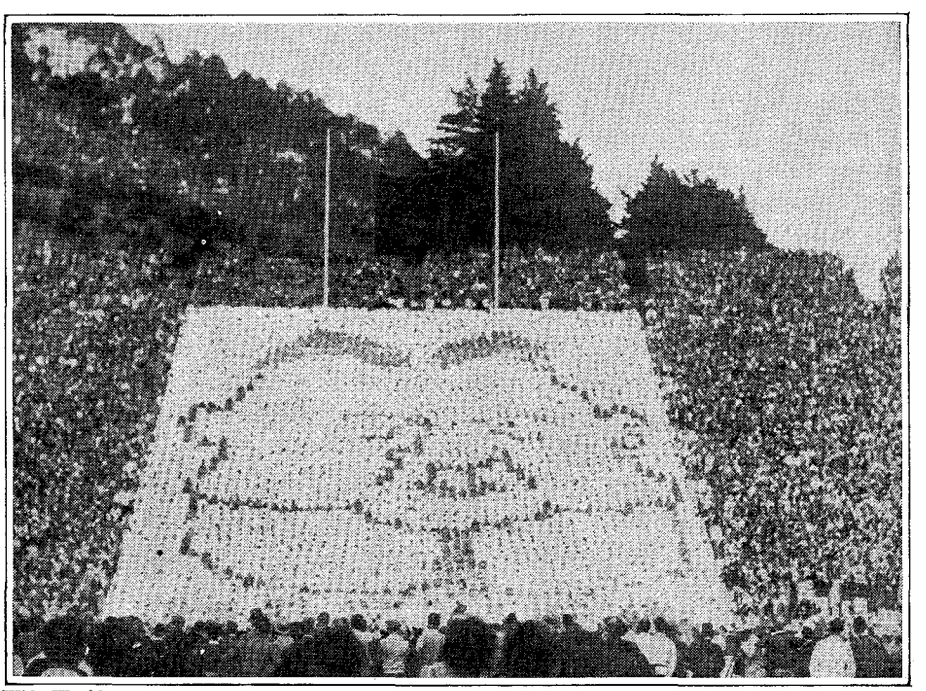
A DUTCH SCIENTIST has managed to perform with complete success, while working in a submarine at sea, a piece of delicate research theortically requiring an absolutely rigid foundation such as no vessel ever furnishes. This was the so-called "pendulum observations" just completed in Gulf of Mexico waters by Dr. F. A. Venig Meinesz, of the Dutch Geodetic Commission, using the United States submarine S-21. As is well known, a pendulum properly mounted and swung on jeweled knife edges in a vacuum is an instrument of extreme precision as a time-keeper. All other factors being equal, its rate would vary only if the force of gravity should vary. But that is just what Dr. Meinesz wishes mainly to determine over various areas of the ocean bottom though the variations are extremely slight. Such determinations have already been made over much of the earth's land areas, particularly by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey.

To accomplish his purpose Dr. Meinesz places his pendulum in a submarine. However, a submarine, even when deeply submerged, still moves slightly, because ocean waves are perceptible far below the surface. Nevertheless, by swinging three pendulums in three planes and employing involved calculations to allow for all other factors, he has been able to eliminate mathematically the effect of the vessel's motions and to obtain results equivalent to those he would obtain if the vessel were rigidly bolted to the sea floor or on terra firma.

Such observations give the geologist valuable information concerning the nature of the material in the inaccessible parts of the earth's crust; their state of balance, known as "isostasy," the exact shape of the earth, which is still unknown, and other facts cherished by science.

▶▶*A New Deal in Mexico*

EMILIO PORTES GIL has received the chief executive power in Mexico as Provisional President for a period of fourteen months, succeeding President Calles in whose Cabinet he was Secretary of Interior. So, following the assassination of President-elect Obregon and all the disturbance and uncertainty it caused, the dominant party in the Mexican Republic has shown its capacity to transfer authority peacefully from one administration to another. President Gil, in a moderately phrased address, pledged himself to carry on the policies of his predecessor, praised Ambassador Morrow, and advocated the development of political parties with real and sound policies in prepara-



Wide World

HOOVER IN CARICATURE

The features of the President-elect formed by students of the University of California during their game with Stanford at Berkeley, California

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tion for the new elections to take place next year. He retains in his Cabinet three important members of the Calles Cabinet—General Amaro as Minister of War, Dr. Puig Carauranc as Minister of Industry, and Sr. De Oca as Minister of Finance.

A new oil decree, issued the day before his installation in office by President Calles and Dr. Puig Carauranc, is expected to cause considerable discussion and to have a great influence on the development of the petroleum industry in Mexico. It provides for thirty-year concessions in future, with extension for fields in actual production for a period of not more than twenty years: In other words, Mexico serves notice that, whatever the rules governing past concessions, henceforth rights to exploit the oil resources of the country will not be granted for an unlimited time. There are a number of technical provisions regulating development and production, but this basic principle is the one which will most interest foreign concessionaires.

Russia Stays Red

BACK in May, the Program Commission of the Executive Committee of the Communist International drafted a program, announced in the official party organ "Pravda" of Moscow. That program was based on continuation of the idea of eventual salvation of the idea of the revolution in Russia through world-wide working class revolts. It accepted the necessity of temporary compromise with the peasants to satisfy their demands for control of the land and for the right to dispose of their own produce. But it held strongly, as might be expected, to the basic ideas of communism.

That program ruled the party Congress, and its spirit dominated the recent meeting of the Central Committee representing the leaders of the party organization and the labor federations and constituting really the supreme executive authority in the Soviet Union. A resolution reaffirming the principle of class welfare in town and country and the aim of complete and unqualified communism in the economic life of the country received a unanimous vote. Moderates, led by the party veteran Frumkin, Vice-Commissar of Finance, tried to argue that the Political Bureau's policy of intensive industrialization of the nation was putting too heavy a burden on the peasants and leading to trouble. Stalin, the party's General Secretary and real dictator of Russia, warned them of the fate of exile that overtook Trotsky and his supporters last year.

Add Major Crimes

BOOTLEGGING may not be considered a major crime in some parts of the country but in Michigan it is serious enough to put a man in prison for life—if he is convicted as a fourth offender. Channie Tripp has just found that out. Three times Tripp had been convicted of violating the State's liquor laws and three times he had either paid fines or gone to prison. Last summer he was arrested again, and when a jury convicted him a few days ago, Judge Fred W. Brennan of Flint had no alternative but to send him up for life.

Like New York's Baumes Law, the Michigan statute is designed to isolate the habitual criminal from society. Whether the law also serves as a deterrent to crime is still a debatable point in Michigan as it is in New York. But there is no question that it is a convenient means of dealing with habituals. Last year, for example, Fred Palm of Lansing, Michigan, was arrested with a pint of gin upon his person. The normal penalty for this violation of the liquor law would have been slight, but Palm came before the court with three previous convictions for burglary and robbery. Therefore, a life sentence was arbitrarily imposed.

Palm's case serves as an excellent example of what the fourth-offender law is designed to accomplish. Its theory is that a man convicted of four crimes is a willful and habitual criminal. He cannot be reformed; therefore he should be put away where he can do society no further harm. But practice and theory do not always agree. In theory, New York's Sullivan Law, which forbids the unauthorized possession of pistols, is an excellent provision since it enables the police to arrest known criminals carrying guns against whom they could bring no other definite charge. In practice, however, it may operate in a way little short of tyrannical. And there are dangers in Michigan's law, particularly when the whole web of Volsteadian statute is woven in. For example, a man convicted four times of carrying a pint of gin would be arbitrarily sentenced to life imprisonment. Clearly there are elements of persecution in Michigan's law which should be thoroughly considered before it is definitely pronounced a success.

Remarkable Remarks

Our Government deals with the problem (prohibition) in the only logical and consistent manner.—DR. JAMES M. DORAN.

Americans certainly have developed an appetite for grapes since prohibition. — CONGRESSMAN SOL BLOOM.

There are still some rights left for man, but not many.—DR. S. PARKES CADMAN.

The voters want a new deal. They are tired of having the city controlled by people who are guided by selfish motives.—JOHN F. HYLAN.

Whenever an American begins talking about the flag, prudent men reach warily for their pocketbooks and steal away as fast as possible. H. L. MENCKEN.

Why does every peace envoy go on a battleship?—WILL ROGERS.

The nations sit with cruisers piled before them like chips upon a table and some one whispers in a soft, enticing voice, "Let's have just one more round and then we'll all go home."—HEYWOOD BROUN.

For President Coolidge to carry in one hand the new naval program and in the other the Kellogg-Briand pact reminds one of a man going to church on Sunday morning with his Bible under his arm and his gun over his shoulder.—REV. C. E. WAGNER.

Thomas Fortune Ryan

THOMAS FORTUNE RYAN, a real giant in American finance, is dead. Of the great contemporary figures with whom he was closely associated only Elihu Root is left. William C. Whitney, P. A. B. Widener, William L. Elkins and the others had gone long before.

When he was most active twenty years or so ago Mr. Ryan was the focus for many attacks on "big business" methods, some of which were downright scandalous, but as the details of his operations revealed themselves more clearly, his critics nearly all admitted that his standard of business conduct had been a high one. Certainly his reorganization of the Equitable Life Insurance Society was a public service. If the Equitable had failed as well it

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might have without Mr. Ryan's intervention, the country's whole financial structure would have been seriously affected.

Estimates of Mr. Ryan's fortune run from $100,000,000 to $500,000,000. His profits had come from almost every known form of business activity, from American tobacco companies to Congo Free State mines. Perhaps the reason for his versatility was the fact that his greatest gift, his powers of persuasion, could be used in any situation. He was not what is known today as a go-getter, not a bully, not even a driver. Superlative business insight and ability to make others take his point of view proved almost always to be an irresistible combination.

▸▸Free State

TWENTY-FIVE MEN, BOYS AND GIRLS paraded around Government buildings in Washington, carrying banners on which were inscribed their opinion of the Government's Nicaraguan policy. hey were arrested and convicted. Six were given $100 and sixty days in jail, the other nineteen $50 and thirty days.

Now Baltimore has always—or for long, at least—regarded its near neighbor, Washington, as benighted and tyrannical; itself, the center of the "Free State" of Maryland, as broadly enlightened and tolerant. So the "Sun" of Baltimore, tacitly recognized as the spokesman of the Free State, proceeded to say of Washington and of other cities that would do such things all that should be said, including the usual hurrah for the enlightened progressivism of the "Free State."

A few days later, four women lawyers sought admission to the bar of Baltimore. They were refused admission, the Maryland Bar Association concurring. What, anyhow, is the meaning of "free"? And of liberality? And of tolerance?

▸▸Labor Retracts a Tribute

ONE DAY, delegates to the convention of the American Federation of Labor voted that John Dewey, professor at Columbia University and noted philosopher, was "recognized on every hand as the leading educational authority in America." The next day they voted to expunge from the records the nice things they had said about him.

The turn-about was a consequence of the current agitation in labor circles as to whether Brookwood Labor College is or is not incubating Communist doctrine. It appears that Professor Dewey has suffered a not uncommon fate; he has been writing about Russia, therefore he is suspect.

In one of his articles in the "New Republic" we find this statement, which contains the essence of the philosopher's attitude to the Russian experiment:

"I am still at a loss in trying to formulate the exact importance of the communistic formulæ and the Bolshevist ideals in the present life of the country; but I am inclined to think that not only the present state of Communism (that of non-existence in any literal sense) but even its future is of less account than this achieved revolution of heart and mind, this liberation of a people to consciousness of themselves as a determining power in the shaping of their ultimate fate."

This seems to be the nubbin of the matter.

▸▸Cross-Country Still Lives

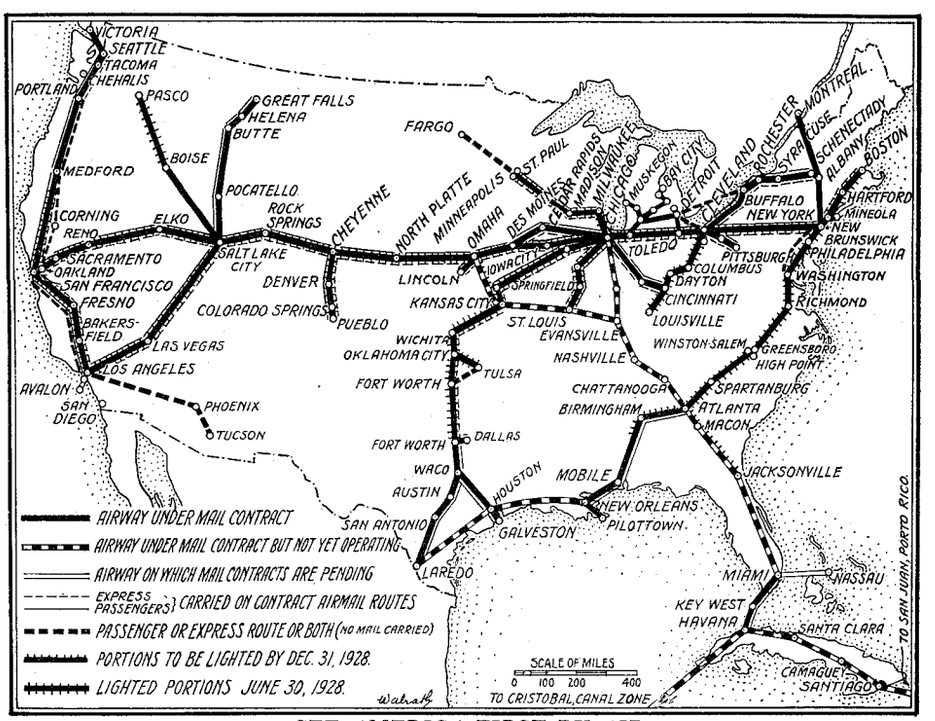
DESPITE the counter attraction of football at its climax stage, there still fortunately remains in the undergraduate mind room for the delights of championships and "pack running" in the cross-country game. The intercollegiate championship was won this year by Reid of Harvard over the Van Cortlandt Park course, about the only path still available in the neighborhood of New York City. There was the usual big crowd on hand, and the entry list again ran above a hundred.

There was a time when Jack Moakley of Cornell had a corner on the intercollegiate cross-country race, frequently bringing home three or four men together, and on one occasion, four men so close together that they could be covered by a blanket. Moakley was a pioneer in the field running game; not infrequently he had squads of 600 men. From these he developed not only his cross-country stars, but also his distance men for track competition. It has been a tradition that he was greatly aided by the terrain around Ithaca, which is very markedly of the hill and dale variety, but as Sidney Lanier said, "There was more in the man than there was in the land."

▸▸Tom Mooney Again

THE MOONEY CASE, like the Sacco-Vanzetti case, will not down. Tom Mooney was convicted in California twelve years ago and has since been serving a life sentence in San Quentin prison. It is said that he has refused parole on the ground that it would imply guilt. From time to time efforts have been made to establish his innocence. Now a National committee is being formed for that purpose, with John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, Rabbi Wise, Sinclair Lewis and other well known members.

Again as in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, the claim is made that prejudice



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Airways over which you may send a letter, a package or yourself

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against the accused because of his radicalism prevented fair consideration of the evidence, and again it is urged that State law and judicial procedure barred a second trial or a review of the evidence after the Supreme Court had refused an appeal on law points.

Mooney, according to an account in this magazine at the time, was accused of having taken part in the explosion of a clockwork bomb during a preparedness parade in San Francisco in July, 1916. Several bystanders were killed. The crime was an atrocious one, whoever committed it.

Mooney was convicted chiefly on circumstantial evidence, and with him was convicted a man named Billings. Later Mrs. Mooney and a man named Weinberg were tried and acquitted. It is claimed by the Mooney adherents that the acquittal of the last-named persons was due to the fact that the prosecution was forced to omit from its list of witnesses against these two prisoners three persons who had testified in the trials of Mooney and Billings, but who were later discredited before the public. One, a man named Oxman, was tried for suborning perjury, but acquitted. It is argued that neither Mooney nor Billings could possibly have been convicted except for the very testimony which was lacking in the cases presented against the persons acquitted.

Back Stage in Washington

THE MORE PHILOSOPHIC among us at Washington have conceived a belated fancy for Calvin Coolidge; we could actually like him if he would tolerate such an affront to his august person and the high dignity of his office. We know how much he loves the luxury of the $22,000,000 White House and how proud he is of his place in the American scene. He reads every word written about him in half a dozen metropolitan newspapers and posing for the camera men is his weakness. We estimate that, with his thrift, he has set aside at least $50,000 a year of his $75,000 salary. Yet he declined a renomination that was his for the choosing. He scrambled to regions of renunciation that we did not dream existed in these days of political prosperity.

Only those who know the tremendous pressure brought to bear by the Hooverites fully appreciate the President's restraint during the campaign. He would not take the stump because he did not think it comported with the requirements of his position. In a contest that had much in it to condemn and deplore, this master of practical politics behaved well.

But we think our new fondness springs from the discovery that he is so human. He is stepping out of his shell. In the next few months Calvin intends to indulge himself. His worries are ended and he is going to have a good time; our Chief Executive is on a Presidential spree. He may even steal a few front pages from the President-elect, and the suspicion that he would enjoy doing so amuses us. His Thanksgiving sojourn at a Virginia country club was his first holiday of the sort, and the unkind report that his visit may be capitalized to promote the sale of nearby real estate does not bother us. He jumped at Catholic University's offer to make him an honorary Doctor of Laws; it may help him to get a job when he leaves the White House. He is even thinking of a trip to Florida to dedicate a sanctuary to the birds, and if the affair will help a State that went Republican to get back on its feet, we will be the last to cavil.

We like him because of a certain grudge he paid off a while ago, and the likelihood that he will settle other scores. Senator Borah, who has lorded it over the little Vermonter mercilessly, was the first victim. With twenty other members of Congress, the Idahoan was summoned to a White House breakfast at which it was anticipated that the President would discuss the tariff, farm relief and the legislative program. He spoke not a word of Mr. Hoover's troubles, but announced his plan of popping the World Court question again in a final effort to induce Europe to accept our fifth reservation.

This in itself was sufficient humiliation of the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. Only the day before he had held an autopsy over the World Court in his chambers in the Senate Office Building, and had pronounced it dead before a group of correspondents who admired his skill at dissection. So his grief may be imagined when the corpse bobbed up at the breakfast table the next morning. Our informer in the White House tells us that Senator Borah's face wore a dyspeptic look while the President explained his purpose. But worse was to come. As the Senator's colleagues grinned at the audacity of the move, Calvin turned to the most irreconcilable foe of the Court and quietly asked:

"Of course, you will have no objection, Senator?"

"No, Mister President," gulped Borah.

Though it should surprise no one that a man gets religion upon his election to high office, there has been much gossip here over the epidemic of church-joining that accompanies such preferment. Calvin Coolidge did not become a paying pew-holder until after Providence had placed him in the White House. Mr. Hoover was not known as a regular attendant at the Quaker meeting house until after his nomination, and now Charlie Curtis, Vice President-elect, has hit the sawdust trail.

But we foresee certain complications through Mr. Hoover's membership in a sect that permits each individual to take the floor and expound his beliefs on any subject that has even a remote religious connotation. In fact, the meeting house nearest the Hoover home on S Street frequently hears an avowed pacifist air his views; and, knowing Fred Libby well, we do not expect him to pass up a weekly chance to scrap the Army and Navy in the presence of a President. We would suggest that Mr. Hoover select the more modest meeting house in the Maryland suburbs as his regular place of worship; we understand that its service is more carefully supervised.

That is one of the penalties of the Presidency and even second place—the need for supervision of every activity from play to prayer. But Curtis may upset tradition, as Dawes tried to do. During the campaign the Kansan would not have been found within ten miles of a racetrack, but now he has resumed his attendance at the Maryland meetings of thoroughbreds and selling platers. His Indian stoicism deserted him when a few "damns" escaped his lips while campaigning, but his language is now back to its healthy and rugged state. Before November 6 he was wont to entreat the gentlemen of the press to forbear from quoting his purple passages, but now, we hear, the Senator speaks with pre-election freedom in discussing questions of state.

WASHINGTON, D. C. A. F. C.

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Editorial

War or Co-operation?

WAR BETWEEN the United States and Great Britain would in these days be criminal. The result of such a war would for both nations be evil. But calamitous and criminal though it would be, it is not unthinkable.

For over a hundred years the United States and Great Britain have been at peace with each other. There have been moments of acute friction; but in each case until now the rub has been over some incident that could be smoothed over.

Today, as at other times, there are signs of friction. Let us take a look backward, to ascertain the causes. In 1914 the World War burst upon the peoples of Europe. The growing economic power of Germany and its threat to the vital security of the British Isles supplied the motives that led Great Britain to intervention. Germany's industries, her merchant marine, her capacity for foreign trade and finally her navy which expressed her determination to use her strength to impose her own view of her own interests without compromise, appeared as menaces that the British Government could not face without alarm and opposition.

Now, by virtue of the outcome of the war and of our mounting financial and industrial power, we of the United States find ourselves in much the same position as Germany before 1914—only with the scene enlarged from a European to a truly world-wide scale. That is to say, by our industrial development, by ability to build a first-rank merchant marine, by capacity for foreign trade, and finally by fighting strength at sea, we have become the obvious rival to Great Britain for supremacy in international commerce and maritime power. And we are arguing with the British about cruisers, in tones of increasing harshness and insistence, at the same time that we are contemplating the formal outlawry of war.

Theoretically the two nations have been on a basis of naval equality. Practically, Great Britain has kept her navy well balanced while we have neglected ours. We attempted to remedy our neglect by getting Great Britain to agree to a limitation in cruisers. Great Britain responded at the Geneva Conference by a proposal that would have made permanent the consequences of our neglect. Our naval experts' program for the construction of cruisers and other naval vessels for the next twenty years seemed to strike Great Britain as aggressive. Though that program was rejected, signs of friction have multiplied: first, the President's Armistice Day speech, then a speech from the British Prime Minister of a sort that a statesman does not make when all is smooth sailing. Then came the proposal of Lord Lee of Fareham that our naval disagreement be discussed not by naval experts but by statesmen. Then followed Representative Britten's proposal that the disagreement be discussed by legislative delegations.

Why, it is asked, should there be this pother about navies? Have not both Great Britain and the United States signed a treaty renouncing war? Why not ratify that treaty and settle the question? If we renounce war what need shall we have of war machines?

Such questions show a misunderstanding of the real source of friction. We do not get rid of navies by outlawing war. We do not get rid of war by declaring it outlawed. Recently a great insurance company transferred millions of dollars in securities through the streets of New York. It employed armored cars guarded by men with pistols, sawed-off shotguns and machine guns. Besides the police a private concern may still feel it necessary to employ armed guards. New York has outlawed but has not abolished crime. Internationally there is no police force, and nations must still depend for protection wholly upon the armed guards that they maintain. No nation—least of all the United States—will calmly abandon all methods of impressing its will upon other nations. No nation can afford to regard war as abolished simply because it is outlawed.

Let us have the cruisers we need and outlaw war, too. But let us also realize that both navies and anti-war treaties are but symptoms.

The real cause of friction between nations is not navies but the conflict of interests.

We have an increasing surplus of goods to export. We must have markets for our profits. Great Britain must have markets to live. Naturally Great Britain fears us. She talks about the need of a navy to protect the lines of ships that bring her food. What she does not talk about so much is the need of a navy to defend her policy of furthering her trade. As long as she fears a cut-throat competition for markets she must control the seas.

We cannot stop producing a surplus. Our whole economic system is keyed to the machinery of mass production. By our increasing surplus our policy in Europe, in South America, in China, everywhere, is determined. We must either yield to the British policy of sea dominion, or challenge it, or come to some economic understanding.

The way to peace between Great Britain and the United States is not through naval limitation nor through anti-war treaties. Both may help; but neither can insure peace. The way to peace is through economic understanding.

Is there room in the world for both Great Britain and the United States as competitors? We believe there is. The world needs the products of each, and each needs the products of the other. Leadership in the way to peace is in the control of American and British leaders of industry.

In naval bargaining we are at a disadvantage. We can offer Great Britain now no naval sacrifice in exchange for renunciation of British naval power. There the initiative rests not with us but with her.

In economic negotiation, on the other hand, the advantage is with us. Our power is growing. If it is to be cut-throat competition, we are in position to play the game. On the economic side, therefore, the initiative rests with us.

Why cannot Great Britain and the United States come to an economic understanding on a larger scale that will redound to the honor and well-being of both nations?

Economic conciliation and co-operation is the essence of the spirit of President-elect Hoover. We submit that the incoming Administration of Herbert Hoover could take no more constructive action in the field of our international affairs than to promote the sanction of an Anglo-American economic conference, made up of unofficial delegates of both nations, to study existing difficulties, devise ways and means of surmounting them, and propose plans for the consideration and support of the governments and peoples of the British Empire and the United States.

The Editors—

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Harvard—Football Phoenix

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

FROM the ashes of a burned out football system, and urged on by Art French, one of the finest natural leaders a Crimson eleven has had since the days of the Haughton régime, Harvard rose in the Yale Bowl to flaming heights in the course of demolishing a gallant, fighting, but rather sadly conditioned and equipped Yale team. These heights marked not merely a Crimson victory over a historic rival, but a revival of Harvard grid-iron power, courage and intelligence. It was less a case of reviving the game at Cambridge, than of re-establishing it. For in the light of this final surge upward it may be said truthfully that Harvard brought into the light again past prestige,—in a word, put football where, win or lose in the immediate future, Harvard men have a confident right to find it. The fruits of the coaching of Arnold Horween, much criticized this season as last, were plentiful at New Haven. Here was a team playing what the best coaches call "heads up" football all the way. To Harvard men of my acquaintance, old timers who have weathered many a season, the satisfying feature was the quick intelligence of this eleven, the co-ordination between mind and body, the production of a fast, hard, interesting game in which the pressure was kept on all the time. There were stars, in the course of the game, to be sure; Eliot Putnam, Art French, the captain, the rugged Guarnaccia, who made the touchdowns, Harper, who contributed a brilliant run to cap an afternoon of supreme usefulness; but beyond and above all that the man in the stand saw one of those old-time famous, hard charging, shifty, competent sets of forwards who have figured in the history of past Harvard triumphs.

Out of this material Horween and his aides had wrought not a machine, as teams playing as Harvard did in the Bowl are so often inaptly called, but a sound, beautifully co-ordinated team whose play was capped with bursts of individual brilliance. But it was of the equipment in the sense of a storming, deceptive, powerful offense, an alert, clean-cut defense, that I set out to speak. Horween accepted the rules as he found them, and determined that he would play the game as it was intended to be played. There was a debt of honor to be paid to the memory of Fred Moore, on whose initiative the lateral pass was so protected under the rules as to become an integral part of the attack. The revised play had gone into the rules at Harvard's suggestion. Thus it became the Crimson's simple duty to make the most of it. Since it figured gorgeously in the march to both touchdowns, the debt was paid in spectacular fashion, and with lavish profit to Horween and his men.

Harvard turned on at one time or another every possible weapon of offense. The excellence of what is technically known as the "play design," warmed the hearts of experts. The less expert gained from it sheer unalloyed pleasure, because of the expertness of the execution, and the very obvious fact that every Crimson player was thinking all the time. The pretty and effective lateral passing of Guarnaccia and French came as the reward of weeks of patient drudgery. It had variations, and it was supported by slants wide of the tackles, and drives over them, sometimes from the unbalanced formation with Barrett and the giant Clark twinned on the same side of the line, and occasionally by direct smashes into the middle of the line. There were times when the Crimson offense opened the Yale line simply by its menace, and found the openings still there when the ball carrier and his interferer arrived. To add to the demoralizing effect of the threat of lateral, or forward passes, of tackle smashes and center drives, present in every formation the Crimson backs assumed, French put on what is known as "the kick attack," shooting over a low, hard driven, bounding ball from a post that seemed to many perilously close to the line.

WITH all this offensive equipment, some of it quite reminiscent of Percy Haughton, some of it Horween's very own, there arose the great opportunity for superlative field generalship. And Eliot Putnam's handling of the team, and Crawford's too, for the time he was in action, was practically perfect. Putnam worked out the marches for scores, as well as those that were halted by errors of execution, which were remarkably few, or by a desperate Yale defense, in wonderful fashion. Further, he added a neat field goal at the right moment. That he was occasionally a little slow with his signals was a trifling blemish, I regret to say that there are a few Harvard men who object when the lily is not gilded. There were a couple behind me in the press stand. They were, however, negligible quantities in an enjoyable afternoon.

WITH the offense going smoothly and with great power, it was a pleasure to see a revival of the old standard Harvard forward pass defense. Thus the Yale passer was invariably hurried, and almost as invariably found his men covered in the downfield zones so thoroughly as practically to stop the forward passing game. A smart defense of this kind makes anybody's passing look shabby. The Yale men are not to be blamed for failure. Rather the Crimson should be credited with breaking it up. It was so, too, on defense against Yale's quite limited running plays. These were all built on the "drift to the right," that has marked Eli's attack for several years—practically ever since the war. It was harder to check the Crimson attack since it was perfectly bilateral, even though it gained greatest ground against Yale's rather weak left side. It was harder to outwit Captain Eddy, and harder to storm over him. Defensively he was the mainstay of Yale's first line. But Harvard was able to stop Loud at his best, after spasmodic gains, and the once mighty Garvey suffered the same fate. Hoben contributed a beautiful run from a caught kick to match, or nearly so, that of Harper's on a kick-off, one of those rare runs that so sharply illuminate a football game.

Perhaps Yale's best single play was the tackle of Harper by Ellis, who started the game instead of Hoben, and later relieved the hero of a year ago, for Ellis had to make a coolly calculated dive that would include the wiping out of an interferer. This undoubtedly saved another touchdown, for in another step Harper would plainly have been in the clear and headed for the goal without opposition. Decker, while in action, was a great help to the bewildered Elis.

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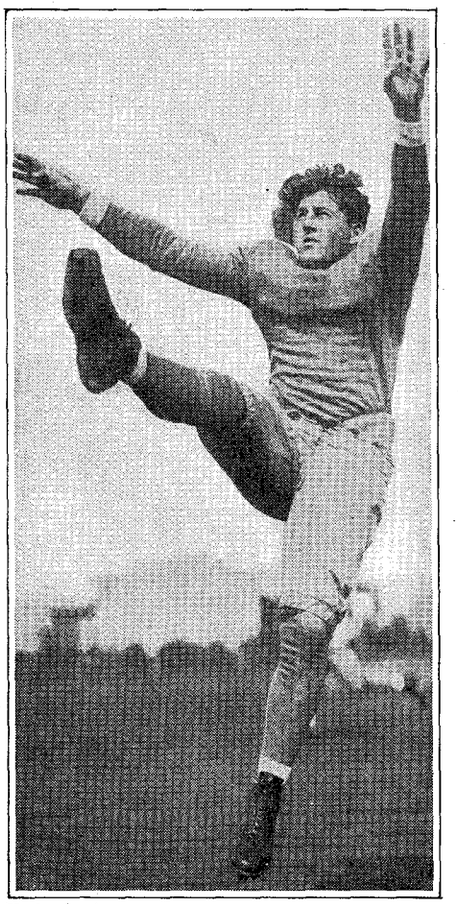
He knocked down passes, and he tackled savagely, if cleanly. But Yale was a crippled and an unconditioned team. Hard luck had dogged the Elis after an auspicious start. But it must be said that even the men who played were not too well equipped either on attack or defense. And they knew it. They seemed to lack confidence against the terrific pressure that Harvard was able to put on. The failure of the forward passing I have already explained. There was, however, apparently no well devised flat pass "down the alley" at one stage so effectively used by Harvard, nor was there an attempt to use the combined lateral and forward passes as Harvard used them, not always effectively, to be sure. But in the Harvard scheme of things, when the menace of the running attack struck wide to the flanks, there was something of the indeterminate about it, that disturbing element that has come into the game with the development of the lateral pass, and which is so vital a factor in an effective attack that it ought to appeal to any coach worth his salt. For with the sweeping backs in motion, the formation was such that at the will of the ball carrier, and the commitment of the defense, the play might turn out while still in full career to be either a run or a pass. The play was certainly so used by Harvard. If the Yale defense "blew in" on it, Guarnaccia shot the ball to French, who rounded the flank, and when the Yale defense hung back, the hard running back slid past the tackle where Barrett and Clark were operating, and cut in sharply for good gains. Indeed, both French and Guarnaccia had these sudden cut-ins down to a fine point.

It was a dismal ending for the Blue, to be desperately passing from behind its own goal line in the last minute of play, hoping for a long run for a touchdown against a score of 17. Another thing that broke the Eli heart was Harvard's perfect willingness to use the passing game on any down regardless of distance to be gained, and even on fourth down. It showed, when the pass was used on the fourth down, that the Crimson was serenely confident in the ability of its line to get possession of the ball promptly on downs, or by forcing the Blue to kick. Yale's one lateral pass went awry, and Harvard recovered the ball to start its first march for a touchdown in the first two minutes of the game with the result that the Elis never thereafter tried to use the play.

Harvard took a long stride forward on the day's work. Sound football players, working with a sound and even a brilliant system—working enthusiastically with it—have put the Crimson back where it belonged. On the day this Crimson team was fit to go against any in the country. Just one more word about one play that Yale used, another indication of lack of resourcefulness. It was the old spread formation that originated probably at Penn State in the dim long ago, passed on to Colgate, West Virginia and Princeton, and still is used at Princeton. But Yale tried only one phase of



Underwood

KEN STRONG
N. Y. U's. star halfback

it, and that always the same—a run. It is a useful and deceptive passing formation, yet as such the Blue never called upon it. There will have to be a thorough revision of the Eli defense if the Blue is to stand up with the best of them. That is why there is so little I can say here about the Elis.

On the same day in Pittsburgh there was a battle of the Titans, one in which there thrust out from the ruck and moil of the battle two of the season's great stars. These were Howard Harpster of Carnegie Tech and Kenneth Strong of New York University. As a result of New York's triumph, "Chick" Meehan's team rates as probably the best in the East, and possibly in a larger area. In any proper estimate of this Violet eleven the defeat by Georgetown may be wiped out, as the Georgetown men themselves have so generously wiped it out. Ken Strong will rate with Christian Keener Cagle on the year's work, and it is doubtful which is more useful to his team. The thing is hardly worth debating, for there is room for them on the same pedestal. At the same time the battle of Pittsburgh brought into nation-wide prominence the name of Howard Harpster, quarterback and captain of the Skibos. Here is the man who can do anything in football, and who is unmistakably the best field general of the lot, in any section of the land.

Here is a sample of Harpster's headwork. New York cut loose Strong, its running and passing ace, right at the start. To do this, the Violet needed room to the left, for Strong is at his best in a left formation. Just as soon as Carnegie got the ball and Harpster had to kick, he invariably sent the ball out of bounds to New York's right. This practically cut down New York's attack one down, for one play had to be used to get Strong well out into the field so that he could run to the right. Again, the instant Harpster saw New York's defense lining up in what is known as the six-three-two, formation, which is strong against anything but the deepest passing, the alert Skibo started popping the long passes down the field to his ends and backs. Thus he scored before New York could change its defense to meet the new assault. The man is a wonderful passer, for he has a whip to his throw that gives him almost unbelievable accuracy. This, combined with his kicking, running, tackling and generalship, make him unquestionably the best quarterback in these United States.

Princeton's glory at the same time was dimmed by a revived Navy team, with "Whitey" Lloyd coming very much to life at last. This was as good a Navy team, apparently, as any in recent years, and perhaps one of the best since the war, after a discouraging start. So far as Princeton is concerned the game turned out to be an anti-climax, and I do not think the same date will be filled again. In the future the Tiger will probably go back to the old plan of finishing things up a week early.

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I Have a Statistic

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Mr. Crowell's captured statistic is one of the most interesting we have had brought to our attention for some time. And we think that it will prove quite as interesting to others. For the statistic, subdued and made to explain itself, offers an exceedingly interesting interpretation of the divorce figures which have been appalling numerous jumpy persons of late because of their mounting totals. It casts a distinctly rosy light upon the future of marriage

WITH the kind permission of those present I wish to introduce a statistic. To the best of my knowledge and belief it is the shortest statistic captured and exhibited this year, therefore I shall take the liberty to consume a full four minutes introducing it. If I don't, the meeting will be over before the audience has comfortably seated itself. My statistic is important but placed end to end it will not fill more than two lines. In order to obtain for it the thoughtful consideration which I believe it deserves, I am going to disclose here and now the subject upon which it bears. This, ladies and gentlemen, is nothing more nor less than the ever-present question of divorce.

That question, as you have doubtless observed, is now cluttered with quite extensive statistics which show, among other things, that whereas in the year 1870 there were only umteenth divorces to each so-many thousands of marriages there are now ever so many more and the rate of increase indicates that next year even a greater number may reasonably be expected. Any one who is clever at arithmetic can take the figures just quoted and on comparing them with census statistics prove that we are being divorced even more rapidly than we are being born.

Moreover, this situation has persisted for a long time. Since very few of us obtain divorces in early infancy or before we are married the obvious conclusion, from the figures, is that marriage must be running a sorry second in the contest with what is commonly regarded as its chief opponent. In other words, if we are going to maintain not only our present divorce record but its steady, annual increase we must cut heavily into our capital stock or inventory of marriages. These, of course cannot increase more rapidly than the population. Hence the gloomy prediction that in due time virtually all of us will be divorced.

There you have the gist of what alarms those who view our divorce statistics with alarm. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I think the proper stage setting has been arranged for the introduction of my little statistic. Little, did I say? Let the word be changed to brief. This is a high-powered statistic. Listen! All of the men and women I have ever known who sought divorces did so because they desired to marry and virtually all of them carried out their purpose. The others are at work on their trousseaux, or saving a little more money, or waiting until June, or until the decree becomes final.

Now I find that my statistic throws an entirely different light upon all of the other statistics and totally robs them of their gloomy aspect. No group of people in this country, I believe, is so utterly committed to marriage, so unqualifiedly enthusiastic about the institution, or so certain of happiness within its bonds, as those who obtain divorces. Consider, by way of contrast, the statistics relating to aviation, especially transatlantic aviation. You find that so-and-so-many men and women hopped off and less than half of them arrived at their announced destinations. With these two figures available you put them in a dice box and shake them up or, if you happen to know some one who understands arithmetic, you call upon him to wangle them a bit and presently you can state in terms of percentage the chances for and against your arriving in Europe in the event you hop off from Curtiss Field in an airplane. It is just as simple as that. But no such simplicity attaches to the divorce statistics.

When you pick up the morning newspaper and read that Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Z. Weaf are suing each other for divorce does it mean that another marriage has taken a nose dive into the Atlantic? Well, yes. But don't overlook the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Weaf, unlike the aviators who fail to cross the Atlantic, are still with us and that in all probability two other marriages are soon to replace the loss. Anyway, one is; and the other will probably follow in due season. Unless several hundreds of otherwise reputable citizens have told me the same falsehood over a period of fifteen years without collusion and without even knowing each other a considerable number of the men and women who sue for divorces are already engaged to marry when the suits are filed. With regard to love and marriage, we are, I believe, the most idealistic and romantic people the world has ever known. Not only do we expect more of it than any other people but even when those rosy hopes are grievously disappointed we refuse to be downcast. "Oh, bother!" we say. "This isn't half as grand as my expectations. Maybe we chose an unlucky day. Anyway something slipped. I'm going to try again. It would be silly to miss the glamorous, gaudy happiness of marriage."

THIS is the state of mind—unless people have been lying to me all my life—that leads to divorce. Few of the disillusioned who lapse into pessimism have the energy to battle their way through the divorce court. After all they have other and less noisy and less expensive remedies. They can separate. But that isn't enough for the romantic optimists. They want wives and husbands. They not only believe in marriage after one smash but I have known them to be lyrical on the subject after three smashes. So far as I can judge, in the light of my little statistic, there is no danger whatever of marriage going into the discard because of the prevalence of divorce. On the contrary what troubles me as a mere dabbler in statistics is to figure out how we are going to supply mates for all these eager devotees of Hymen. You can see the difficulties yourself. Not only is the marriage of hitherto unmarried persons booming along at the old rate, but the previously marrieds are hurrying back into the bonds. If each divorce is going to continue to lead to two more marriages won't we run out of—? But I never was good at arithmetic.

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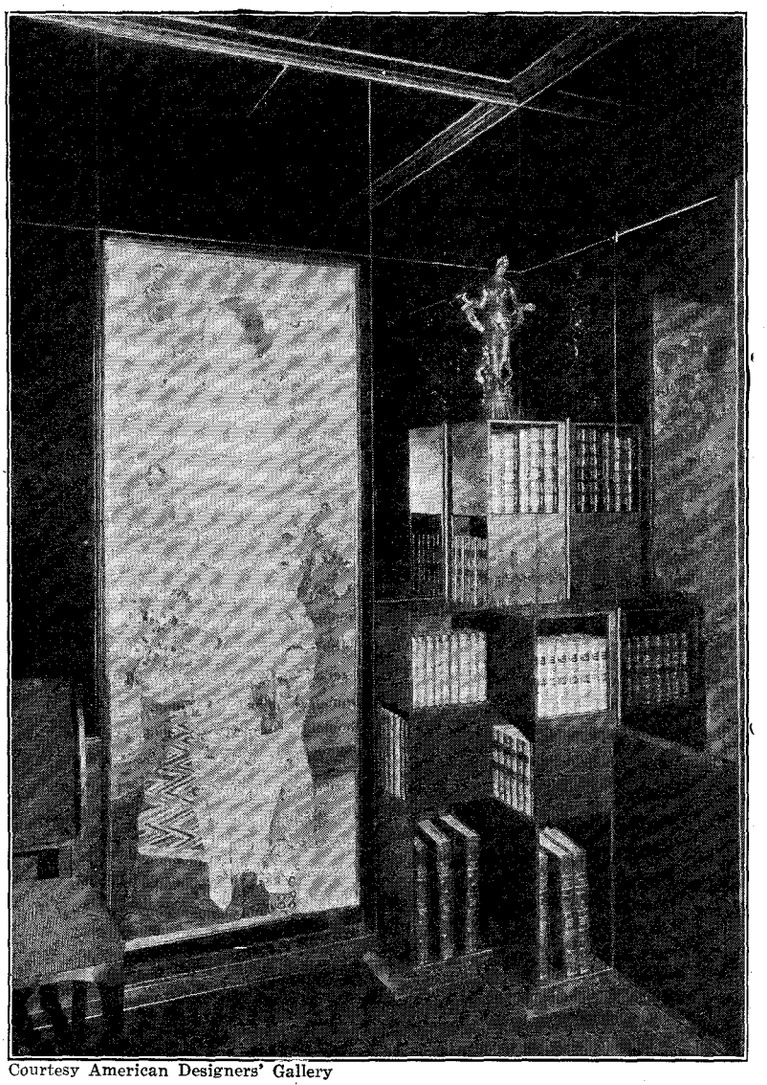
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE room we show you this week was designed by Joseph Urban, and is part of the current exhibition at the American Designers' Gallery. It is titled "Repose." "It tantalizes the vanity of the occupant," says the catalogue, "by showing faint images of herself on the black mirrors which surround the room." But why then call it "Repose"? It wouldn't be particularly reposeful to us to have faint images of ourself continually surrounding us in our hours of ease. Nor would it tantalize our vanity. However, each to his taste. And the room presents some interesting features. The walls and ceiling are in squares of black vitrolite—the sort of thing you associate with lunching in a drug store; the rug is black, of cut and uncut pile. The furniture is black with ivory fittings. We are sorry the picture doesn't show the dressing table with its ivory inlay and accessories, and the lighting fixtures. These latter are tall narrow pillars of frosted glass, illuminated within. There is also a light in the ceiling.



Courtesy American Designers' Gallery

CORNER OF A BOUDOIR
By Joseph Urban

One result of our recent remarks to you on the subject of hand weaving as a hobby, was a letter from a lady who makes tufted counterpanes. Her designs are original adaptions of the work of three great-grandmothers, whom, she explains, she knew intimately. The names of these designs are appetizing—Rising Sun, Sweetbrier, Blue and White, Endless Chain, Rainbow, Dream Garden, and so on. We haven't seen them of course, but if you feel that you'd like to cover yourself with a tufted counterpane this winter, we'll be glad to give you her address.

We have always felt that this was an extremely valuable department—perhaps the most valuable in the magazine. So firm has been this belief that we have not hesitated to speak of it to you, and occasionally even to the Editor. But never has its value been more forcibly brought home to us than this morning. You will remember our speaking some time ago of a safety lock for gas stoves. We thought it a good idea and fully intended to get one, but we thought about it too long. This morning we woke to an unpleasant sense of illuminating gas. We rushed out into the kitchen and found one of the cocks of the gas stove half on, the room full of gas, and our cat dead under the kitchen cabinet. Whether his suicide was premeditated or fortuitous we don't know; what we do know is that if he had turned on the gas a few hours earlier than he did the pilot light on the stove would have ignited the gas in the room and this column would have been written by another hand.

A secondary annoyance is the disposal of the corpse. In New York, getting the camel through the needle's eye is child's play to getting rid of a dead cat. Garbage men and ash men are so squeamish that at the mere sight of even a dead mouse they leap on their wagons and drive off. Appeals to the Department of Health are met by vague references to a mysterious institution known as the Offal Dock, but interest at the Offal Dock is awfully hard to rouse. The simplest method is to wrap the body in a newspaper and carry it out and drop it secretly in front of somebody else's house or in the back seat of a standing automobile. The time when you elect to do this, however, is always just the time when a suspicious policeman is following you. We knew of a man who carried a cat, thus wrapped, about with him from house to office and back and in and out of stores and clubs for several days, until desperate at last he resolved to violate all the laws and proprieties and bury it, by night and cloud, under the small patch of grass in the back yard of his apartment. He crept out, dug the hole, and unwrapping the body was about to tip it in when something attracted his attention; he looked again and saw it was a perfectly good roast of pork. Somewhere, somehow, he had exchanged packages.

However, what we want to say is: locking gas cocks is necessary in a home that has either cats or children.

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In Defense of the Bull Market

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

ANY ONE who defends the present stock market, who maintains that prices are not ridiculously high, is pretty sure to be regarded with suspicion in respectable circles. Many highly respected persons are still playing the market themselves and some of them admit it, but they usually do so rather shame-facedly.

Nearly everyone seems to enjoy talking about the stock market and this subject will provoke long discussions about profits amassed, opportunities lost, the history of the "Coolidge market" and many other subjects more or less germane. Seldom indeed, though, does any one hazard the guess that, despite minor excesses and overexcited fluctuations, stock prices have been justified in climbing so high. It would be too much to expect, perhaps, that a member of a really respectable circle would go so far as to contend that prices should and would go considerably higher.

The "inevitable day of reckoning" of which the die-hard financial editors have been warning with increasing fervor for four years may be close at hand. This writer would certainly not risk printing his own opinion—if any—of the stock market but he does believe that a very plausible case can be made out for the present scale of prices, granting of course that a few are dangerously inflated.

With bearishness becoming so orthodox a good many individual investors are tempted to sell their common stock holdings on the assumption that they will be able to buy them back again much cheaper. They may or may not be right in so doing but there is no doubt that they are taking a dangerous gamble. If the orthodox point of view is wrong, these investors will spend many unhappy moments wondering whether to buy back their stocks at higher prices. The fate of the speculator is not particularly important. He gives no quarter and asks none. But the legitimate investor should know that there are some reasons for believing that this is a time to buy stocks, not sell them. Here are a few:

1. This country still has the two essentials of its phenomenal prosperity during the last twenty years. Its natural resources are still enormous, and its efficiency and enterprise have shown no signs of flagging. Perhaps the next twenty years will see even greater prosperity than the last twenty. It is certainly not impossible. If the future is to be such a happy one, the stock of nearly every good company is ridiculously underpriced. The earnings of the well-managed companies should multiply from ten to a hundred times before 1949.

2. The stock market has never suffered a really serious decline except in a period of commodity inflation. The 1919-1920 collapse started when swollen inventories in almost every industry gave unmistakable warnings of trouble. Today inventories are relatively smaller, in all probability, than they have ever been before. The hand-to-mouth buying policy has been adopted by the best managements.

Kirby in the New York World

GETTING TO BE AN OLD STORY

3. "Heedless buying" and "utter disregard of intrinsic worth" are phrases dinned into our ears so often by conservative financial writers that the selective nature of the stock market, even in its most exuberant periods, has not been fully appreciated. It has not been fly-by-night stocks which have been advancing most sensationally. The "market leaders" have been Radio, General Motors, Johns Manville, Kennecott, New York Central, Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck and other issues enjoying the benefits of the highest-grade management and prospects which, even the most conservative will admit, are decidedly cheerful. Recent buyers of these stocks may have been overoptimistic about the future but even the most conservative must admit that the prospects of these companies justify a great deal of optimism.

4. Common stocks have achieved a position which they never enjoyed before. Twenty or thirty years ago they were almost disreputable. Bonds were the only medium of investment for conservative investors. Today it is generally recognized that common stocks belong on nearly every investment list. This increase in demand has been considerably faster than the increase in supply. Under these circumstances, stock prices simply had to rise. If the public's preference for stocks as opposed to bonds grows still warmer, the prices of the former presumably must go still higher.

5. The so-called technical position of the present market has been greatly strengthened by the greater solidity of its patrons. Investment trusts, which are always looking for bargains, have orders for hundreds of thousands of shares somewhat below the prevailing prices. These orders form a strong bulwark of defense against selling pressure. "Shoe-string" trading has been cut down to a minimum, largely through the efforts of the members of the New York Stock Exchange and other leading securities exchanges. They have forced their customers to put up such heavy margins that the "distress selling" which usually appears on the second or third day of a big decline can no longer be forced so easily.

THE reasons for distrusting the market have been well advertised. Among the most conspicuous are the bloated brokerage loan totals, the terrific volume of trading (supposedly a sure sign of danger), comparatively high money rates, and the manifest impossibility that many stocks will be able to pay any sort of immediate return on the money in them. Whether or not they outweigh the favorable factors, the stock market is being charged with running amuck and endangering the whole financial community and the defense at least deserves a hearing.

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Speaking of Books for Christmas

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

IT IS no longer necessary to urge people to substitute books for knick-knacks on their Christmas lists. Ever since the war cut down our budgets, wise people have realized that a few dollars invested in a book will give far more lasting pleasure than the same money spent for French trifles; and silly ones, that a five-dollar book makes a better show than a five-dollar bracelet. So we offer you here suggestions as to what books to select for Christmas presents, omitting such titles from the publications of the last few months as you are already familiar with or as will leap at you from the biggest piles in the book-shop windows, omitting fiction and, of necessity, any books appearing after the middle of November. Next week we shall have further titles to add.

Americana on Your Christmas List

"The Stammering Century," by Gilbert Seldes. The John Day Company.

WITH the words of this title, Horace Greeley qualified the Nineteenth Century, and he had in mind the bizarre gropings and movements which Seldes sums up in sub-title on the jacket: "Eccentricity and Fanaticism in the United States, 1800-1900." The innumerable reforms, experiments in Communism, fads, isms, which flourished so rankly and which were represented by such extreme types, indicate that the age was trying to say something. Was the Nineteenth Century unique in so stammering, or only in stammering so grotesquely? At any rate the author's aim is large, not to satirize the Messiahs and mountebanks of the time, but to study them. He abandoned early, he tells us, his first purpose of undermining the fanatics of today and makes his survey an illumination of the primary forces in American life through a study of its abnormalities. "The orators of America's progress were fluent enough," he says. "The stammerers were those who spoke of its soul."

If the study has a thesis, it is opened to us in the first approach to the subject which is through the figure of Jonathan Edwards. This prodigious Calvinist who descended upon his congregation and upon the thought of America "like a visitation of nature" is represented as the fount from which all revivalism and its derived eccentric impulses flowed. By degeneration, indeed, and by reaction. Continuous impoverishment marked those who followed him: the Methodist evangelists, the Finneyism of the thirties, Moody—until we come down to the Sundays and McPhersons of our own day. But it was the convulsive power of the revivals that, whatever their alloy and whatever the tempers of their converts, imparted the violence to the many cults. The phenomena grew infinitely complex in the early part of the last century with the cross currents of a dozen other forces: transcendentalism, Communism, millerarianism, infidelism, pseudo-science, reform waves like abolition, temperance and vegetarianism. The result of all these factors is a bewildering maze, and not the least merit of the book is that it simplifies the whole. It shows the curious affinities of many of these strands, connects the most outrageous with those more central, and not only ties them up by showing their contemporaneous relation, but also by pointing out their common antecedents and issue.

One strain, for instance, that runs through many of the phenomena of the century is that of Perfectionism. It explains much. It had its unobjectionable formulation in the preaching of Finney who stressed the sinless mood of the regenerated. "He that is born of God cannot commit sin." In this form it was a grateful doctrine to those who cowered under the intimidation of Edwards. But after Finney the doctrine took a thousand forms. John Humphrey Noyes, for instance, discovered one day that he was perfect, and to account for it he decided that the Second Coming of Christ had already taken place (in 70 A.D.) and that those who realized it were already in the Millenium and could stand "in the holiness of the Resurrection." The famous colony at Oneida that Noyes founded lived, therefore, beyond the laws of this age. Its most striking feature was the "complex marriage" scheme which represented to him "a Bible Family in the patriarchal sense" which would "tolerate no suggestions of private attachment." Perfectionism, however, issued in customs very diverse from these: the Shakers and the Rappites renounced marriage entirely, while the same doctrine led others into complete antinominism. The Perfectionist mentality blended with Transcendentalism to enforce abstention from alcohol, meats, medicines. Some individuals evinced irrational phobias that recall the hoodooism of the primitives. Bronson Alcott at Fruitlands had a terror not only of all meats and fish, but even of dairy products. His people lived a

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company;

Fiction

Lily Christine. By Michael Arlen: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed later.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Joshua's Vision. By W. J. Locke: Dodd, Mead. To be reviewed later.

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little, Brown & Co. The "old things" still carry on in this story of a post-war couple and the difficulty of mixing careers and matrimony. Reviewed October 31.

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead & Co. This is the old story of the Queen's Necklace decorated to suit the ladies. The author is a more accurate historian than Dumas but not so good a story-teller. Reviewed November 7.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Rasputin. By R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. This extraordinary story reads like fiction and gives a fine picture of the czarist society in the last stage of its collapse. Bibliography and illustrations are good. Reviewed November 14.

Raiders of the Deep. By Lowell Thomas: Doubleday, Doran. To be reviewed later.

Jubilee Jim. By Robert H. Fuller: Macmillan. Colonel James Fisk, Jr, one of Wall Street's most picturesque characters, done in full-length portrait. To be reviewed later.

Leonardo the Florentine. By Rachel A. Taylor: A brilliant narrative biography of Da Vinci, marred in spots by fulsome writing, but deserving of its popularity.

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fanciful life rejecting the state, property, machinery and trade. It was said of them that they "intended to evolve orchards out of their inner consciousnesses" and that they subsisted on "bowls of sunrise."

Through the mental healing cults Perfectionism and Transcendentalism carried their influence down to their latest culmination in New Thought and Christian Science. These both betray a thorough-going rejection of the body and of sex which was a characteristic of Perfectionist groups like the Rappites, and an optimism that traces in a finer form to Emerson. Our contemporary fads of success, self-improvement, personality, and *savoir faire* in etiquette, memory, French and what not, as Mr. Seldes shows, are only a lamentable degeneracy of older strains in the thought of Edwards (the will) and Emerson (self-reliance).

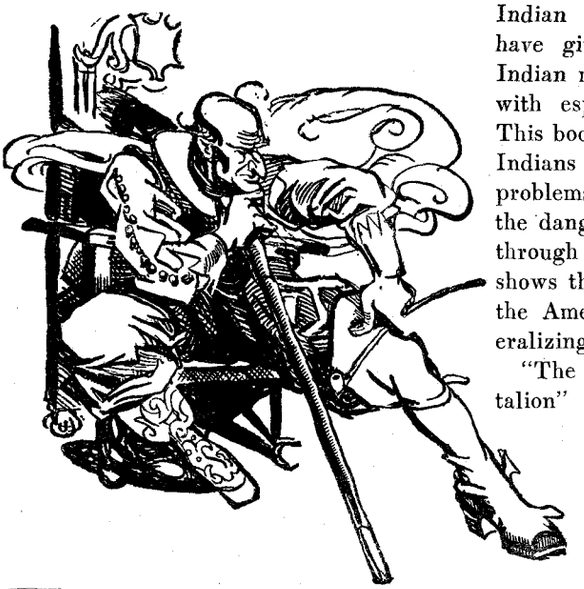
The book reveals the revolt of an America dissatisfied with even the great material and natural conquests of the century. A procession of baffled prophets and reformers, riddled with absurdity. Could America find its religion here? This succession of half-baked salvations and everlasting preachments of error drive one back upon the harsh sincerity and silence of the crucifixion. The induced equanimity of the Yogi or the ecstasy of the Revivalist seem artificial beside the creaturely joy of Jesus. In contrast to all these vagaries one prizes his essential intelligence and sanity. In contrast with their false optimism one welcomes the Christian realism in contemplating the world, its willingness to collide with it, to act remedially, and to pay the price.

A. N. W.

"The Discoverer," by Andre de Hevesy: The Macaulay Company.
"John Smith—Also Pocahontas," by John Gould Fletcher: Brentano's.
"Desert Drums," by Leo Crane: Little, Brown & Co.
"The March of the Mormon Battalion," by Alfred Golder: The Century Company.
"The Amazing Life of John Law," by Georges Oudard. Payson & Clarke, Ltd.
"Lorenzo Dow: The Bearer of the Word," by Charles Coleman Settlers. Minton, Balch & Co.

THE FIRST and foremost name in early American history is that of Christopher Columbus, and to most people he is just that—a name. There have been more conflicting opinions about Columbus than almost any other character in history. His many biographers have presented him in a variety of different lights, and it has remained for M. de Hevesy to blend his many conflicting and incompatible characteristics into the man who was to alter the destiny of the world.

This book is not concerned chiefly with the discovery of America. It begins before Columbus was born and follows him through the many vicissitudes of his life up to his death. Great care is taken to give a clear picture of the times in which he lived so that one may understand the circumstances that actuated him and the obstacles he had to overcome. M. de Hevesy was successful in bringing to light several hitherto unpublished facts about Columbus and, where facts were not available, he has been conservative about expressing a definite opinion and has allowed the reader to judge for himself.



One of James Daugherty's drawings for the new edition of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York" edited by Anne Carroll Moore. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

It is an edifying account of the struggles of a poor Genoese boy, his success in failure, and his ignominious death in poverty and disgrace. The text is illuminated by a number of contemporary maps and prints.

Whereas "The Discoverer" tended to increase our admiration for Columbus, Mr. Fletcher's version of Captain John Smith served to shatter several of our illusions about him. This book is not altogether iconoclastic, but it does present Smith in an unfavorable light on several occasions. It tells of his highly colorful career fighting the Turks before coming to America and he is revealed in the light of a more or less unscrupulous soldier of fortune.

So many of the legends surrounding this picturesque character are particularly entertaining, whether founded upon fact or not, that they have been retained by the author so that the reader may see Smith as he wished to be represented to posterity as well as Smith as he actually was. Like Columbus, he died in comparative poverty and obscurity after a life of glory and romance. Mr. Fletcher accepts the Pocahontas legend, explains it, and carries it to its illogical conclusion. He also gives a detailed description of life among the Colonists and Indians, illustrated by a number of reproductions of old prints.

And, apropos of Indians, we have never encountered a more sympathetic and understanding study of them than Mr. Crane offers in his latest volume, "Desert Drums." Several years as Indian agent on various reservations have given him an insight into the Indian mind that enables him to write with especial interest and authority. This book deals chiefly with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico; their history, problems, dances, tribal customs, and the dangers to which they are exposed through political intrigue, but it also shows the inter-tribal differences of all the American Indians instead of generalizing and treating them as a race.

"The March of the Mormon Battalion" is the story of the westward journey of a body of men recruited from the Mormons of Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1846, to fight in the Mexican War. It is told through the medium of the diary of Henry Standage, a member of the Battalion, and other contemporary documents. In addition to the adventures encountered along the way, the author paints an interesting and authoritative picture of California and the Old West before the days of the Gold Rush.

Another interesting character who played an indirect part in American history is John Law, gambler, promoter, inventor, roustabout and one of the greatest figures of all times in the banking world. In this biography by M. Oudard, he is followed through his meteoric and spectacular career and one is made to come under the spell of his magnetic personality. The two outstanding events in his life were the forming of a government-controlled bank in France, and the "Company of the West"—subsequently known as "The Mississippi Bubble"—the first

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financial organization to be planned and operated along modern lines with shares sold to the public.

And no history of America is complete without some reference to the religious fervor of the early Nineteenth Century and the peripatetic evangelists who spread the gospel and chased the devil. Probably the most picturesque of all these preachers was Lorenzo Dow, known to his contemporaries as "Crazy Dow," and self-styled "The Eccentric Cosmopolite." This book is the story of how Lorenzo got religion and spent the rest of his life wandering over this country and abroad passing it on to others. Lorenzo and Peggy, his faithful "rib," were a peculiar pair and Mr. Settlers has made the most of his material. The author, we suspect, writes with his tongue in his cheek.

M. B.

The Confederate Privateers, by William Morrison Robinson, Jr: The Yale University Press.

SOUTHERNERS, insisting by the name they gave it that the armed conflict of the sixties was not a Civil War, have sung, some of them boastfully, the praises of their generals, their gaunt privates, their resourceful scouts and spies, their Viking Semmes with his wisp of a navy, their lone great ship, the Merrimac, but until now they have left untold the most stirring of all their tales—that of the Confederate privateers scourging the coastwise routes under letters of marque. Has it been that, jealous of the reputation of the Confederacy as a nation, they have felt that, after all, these privateers were tainted with piracy? Mr. Robinson, certainly, has no such fear. In his view, the Confederacy, a sovereign nation, sent out privateers in strict compliance with established rules of war and he proves, at least, that no matter what some of its sea raiders may have done, the Confederate Government had a high regard for the niceties of international law.

That for the controversialist. For the lover of adventure and high emprise, there is a collection of stories full of action such as is hardly to be found outside of the finest of sea fiction. Those tugboats, towboats, river packets and ragamuffins of the water which went to sea under Confederate letters of marque did truly take out to the blue deep a dash and daring which it had not known since the old freebooters departed the Spanish Main. And for the historian, there is a genuine contribution to the record of America—the first complete account of an important phase of the war which was all its own.

D. M.

"Simon Girty, the White Savage," by Thomas Boyd: Minton, Balch & Co.

"Troupers of the Gold Coast," or The Rise of Lotta Crabtree, by Constance Rourke: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

"The Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners," by Robert Welles Ritchie: J. H. Sears & Co.

"A-Rafting on the Mississip'," by Charles Edward Russell: The Century Company.

"SIMON GIRTY, the White Savage," makes a much more attractive book title than would, say, something like "The Injustice Done the Ohio Indian." The day is late; the American Indian cannot profit by being shown as no less cruel and no less home loving than our Revolutionary forefathers who established the false tradition of friendly imperialism. Let Simon Girty, "roughneck," go down in history as a "wretched miscreant." It is nothing that one man in the Colonies went over to the Indians, "talked with them and understood them enough neither to over-estimate nor to belittle what they were." Some of the more adventurous of our forefathers couldn't, in Mr. Boyd's words, "be called horse thieves because, after all, they were only taking the property of the Indians."

Here is biography attempting, not the image breaking of the day but the partial reconstruction of a long-shattered image. Girty, the traitor, Mr. Boyd admits, "can't be whitewashed," but he is entitled to some credit and some sort of explanation.

The author's writing here shows maturity beyond that of his World War stories. He employs an easy style and the lash of humor. He has a positive art for the manipulation of tomahawk or scalping knife. This is an interesting, swiftly moving book: and a somewhat belated attempt to do justice to the Indian.

"Troupers of the Gold Coast" has significance, for who would aspire to authority on subjects pertaining to the modern American musical show or the drama without looking to the careers of Junius Booth, Edwin Booth, Caroline Chapman, Mrs. Sinclair, Lola Montez, Julia Dean, Mrs. Judah, Adah Menken, Jefferson, Forrest and a host of other stage people who at some time or other creaked over the boards of the early Western theatres or traveled the trails through the gold camps of California?

Constance Rourke knows her ground, and has something to set down. Hers is not a polished style, but she writes with such vigor that one can forgive the carelessness with which she tosses about adjectival and adverbial phrases.

She perhaps needed Lotta Crabtree as the central figure about which to group the many characters who move so easily through the pages. No matter, Lotta, the versatile, was one of the first to side-step successfully many stage conventions and become the first herald of the musical comedy star.

Charles Edward Russell is undoubtedly a writer of parts—the Pulitzer trustees have so indicated—but he is hardly artisan or lyricist.

ILLUSTRATION BY BORIS ARTZYBACHEFF IN "GHOND THE HUNTER"
By Dhan Gopal Mukerji (E. P. Dutton)

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Another, then, must one day sing the epic of the "terrible Black River raftsmen" from the material which Mr. Russell brings together in "A-Rafting on the Mississip'." The story succeeds in being an interesting, if somewhat technical, discussion of the difficulties encountered when lumbermen and rivermen attempted to take their log or lumber rafts down the torturesome channel of the great stream.

Robert Welles Ritchie, admittedly an "amateur showman," in "The Hell-roarin' Forty-Niners" permits no problem of them to bother him. Each chapter stands forth like a magazine serial feature. Once he has said "Cast yourself back" to the proper place and time, he does not continue to intrude. He writes in workman-like but never spectacular fashion. He knows his ground, gets over a good bit of flavor and shows some penetration.

D. R. M.

Visions of Sugar Plums

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

THE SEASON in children's books opened with a sensation; the announcement, from no less an authority than A. A. Milne, that the "House at Pooh Corner" (Dutton) would be the last book in which Christopher Robin would appear. The news reached me this summer, not only from headquarters but in them, for it was in Christopher Robin's own nursery in Chelsea that Mrs. Milne had said "No more Christopher Robin books! Look! Pooh's crying!" and Pooh, whose paws are the most expressive in all plush, had held them up before his candid countenance.

Another familiar favorite has been making gestures, if not of farewell, at least of withdrawal. Hugh Lofting, in "Dr. Dolittle in the Moon" (Stokes), has not only taken the famous animal doctor off the earth but left him there, and rumors are rising that this eighth volume of the series may be the last. As soon, however, as these reach the ultimate consumers, they will have something to say: they long since learned to "write to Mr. Lofting;" they long since made the Doctor free of their little company of the chosen, and since then every book with his name in the title has been in a sense written on demand.

This little company gathers slowly, but it keeps on gathering. Once a book is loved and remembered for itself by a considerable number of the children of any generation, it begins to lay hold on something very like immortality. If its popularity begins to sag as one set of readers grows up, some one in the next line usually brings it out in a new edition, as this year Stokes brings out Frank Stockton's dear demure "The Poor Count's Christmas," remembered by any one over thirty-five who was brought up on "St. Nicholas." In like manner we may now hand on to our children our happiness in those stories by "E. Nesbit" about a large British family of children, which brightened the back pages of the "Strand Magazine" when Sherlock Holmes was a pup. Coward-McCann gathers four of them into a big book called "The Bastable Children," with a savory preface by Christopher Morley.

There is a quality of delicate difference in the charm of Marion Bullard's "Travels of Sammie the Turtle" (Dutton) that makes me think it may get into this little company of the chosen. The turtle in question, young and of a roving mind, resents his shell, casts off this inhibition, and sets out for New York City and other points, with illustrations (by the author) of a curious tenderness.

One speaks of pictures this year as often as of stories: this is a children's season distinguished by excellence of illustrations. Sometimes these reach the point where excellence becomes too mild a word: there is, for example, reason to grow lyric over the pictures in "The Red Horse," by Elsa Moeschlin (Coward), in which a little boy of a rosy innocence quite heart-searching travels upon a toy horse grown strong by eating every day, over landscapes as appealing as those seen through the peep-hole of an Easter egg. This is, so far as I know, the first of the extraordinary color books for children now being produced in Germany to be brought over in an English version. There are others that could be acclimated with even less effort, for in several that I keep on hand for revival of the spirit the dancing and playing groups of children are unencumbered even by captions. Some of the outstanding American picture books for little children are in colors, but it seems in general to be a black-and-white year, a paradise of woodcuts.

This is the medium by which Wanda Gag presents her fable, "Millions of Cats" (Coward), one of the admitted topliners of the year. An old man goes to the land of cats to bring home one to his old wife; naturally he cannot choose when all are so fair, and naturally they all follow him home, "millions of cats" weaving sinuous curves across the hand-lettered pages. It is a good story too, with an unexpected ending. Woodcuts are the feature of the two volumes of "Animals in Black and White" (Morrow), by Eric Fitch Dalgish, one book for the larger beasts, one for the smaller, and one creature to a page with his habits and qualities soberly set down. But what pictures these are! The child brought up on a book like this has a head start in esthetics; the eye cannot continually come to rest upon such line and mass without taking in a sense of rightness.

Nor can it fail to be helped in its education by the beauty of the black-and-whites illustrating Mary Britten Miller's verses in "Menagerie" (Macmillan), a poem to an animal and each with its picture. Boris Artzybacheff's decorations for Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "Ghond the Hunter" (Dutton) are quite as distinguished as those for the same author's earlier prize-winner "Gay-neck," and have the same cool sophisticated charm.

Admirable wood engraving appears so often in children's books about animals this year that it is appropriate that the pictures in black and white for one of the best of the animal stories, "Pax the Adventurous Horse," by Muriel Hodder (Viking), should be good enough to hold their own with any. The tale is by a child, but this should not be held against it.

BLACK and white appears in various forms; the naïve pencil-drawings of an elderly Illinois farmer, sent to his granddaughter with bouncing little poems, appear in "Jane, Be Good," by Isaiah C. Howes (Macmillan), a small red volume that will remind many a Lear-lover of the wild humor of the "Nonsense" drawings.

The famous silhouette books of Mary and Margaret Baker (Duffield) have reached what seems to me their highest point in this year's "The Water Elf" and "The Miller's Child" not only in the dancing shadows themselves but in the text, and John Bennett, author of the classic "Master Skylark," comes back this year with a collection of stories, ballads and verses called "The Pigtail of Ah Lee Ben Lee" (Longmans), spirited and original, illustrated

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by his own hand with uproarious silhouettes. And the child showing signs of drawing for himself will get not only entertainment from "Frolics with Uncle Yule," by A. Hugh Fisher (Hale, Cushman and Flint), but a decided impetus to expression through the influence of these large, dashing drawings.

Color books, however, come to the front in several notable instances. Often as "The Night Before Christmas" has been given a new picture-dress, it was not until this season that it has been clothed in a fashion that must be admitted impeccable; this is in the period pictures of Elizabeth MacKinstry (Dutton). They are so neat and bright one suddenly remembers the age when one longed to pick up such pictures from the page and clasp them in the arms, as if they were indeed three-dimensional.

The illustrations of Peggy Bacon have been attracting attention since her "Lion-Hearted Kitten" charmed by its dashing humor: this year she has not only her own book, "Mercy and the Mouse" (Macmillan), another cat's conduct, but through her decorations, an important share in the success of "New Songs for New Voices," (Harcourt), edited by Louis Untermeyer and Clara and David Mannes. This immense and invaluable volume should have a separate review; it is a family songbook with settings in which freshness and modernity of treatment are not incompatible with melody and not over the heads or the hands of amateur pianists.

There are as usual many books about animals, of which I like as well as any Rachel Field's "Little Dog Toby" (Macmillan) with her own color pictures, for it is about one of those unearthly intelligent creatures that accompany a Punch show; Rachel Field has also illustrated in color her "Polly Patchwork" (Doubleday), a happy book for a little girl. "Boga the Elephant," by Baroness Dombrowski ("Kes"), is a story of a jungle baby with the author's pictures, and "Tales of Wise and Foolish Animals," by Valery Carrick (Stokes) has plenty of pleasant drawings and very large print.

In poetry books for children the two I most admire divide favor between color and line in illustrations. Pamela Bianco in a volume called "The Land of Dreams" (Macmillan) has chosen a set of poems by William Blake for drawings so ethereal and charged with tenderness that Blake himself would not disclaim them, and Elizabeth MacKinstry has provided Eleanor Farjean's verses, "Come Christmas" (Stokes), with the right running accompaniment of bright forms and rosy faces.

If children do not read through the teens, it will not be for lack of books specially provided. Stories for this time of life are this year too many to come into this review, but one feature of the non-fiction is significant in other than a literary sense. Books in which children, even little ones, go traveling abroad are rapidly increasing in numbers and in strength. Clearly there are little boys enough with chances of European tours to make profitable the publication of "Timothy Travels," by

Willy Pogany's illustration for "Little Tom Tucker" in his new edition of Mother Goose (Thomas Nelson & Sons)

Daisy Neumann (Coward), the pleasant journey of a small boy and his mother over roads many a child longs to try, while "Young America Travels Abroad," by Marjorie Greenbie and Helen Davis (Stokes), follows a half-grown boy and girl. There is even an actual guidebook for children, Clara Laughlin's "Where it All Comes True" (Houghton, Mifflin), the result of taking her young nieces over the ground of some of her famous travel books.

A Book for Every Taste

NOWADAYS it is safe to give sea books to almost any one, even if the donee happens to live in a prairie State or on top of the Rocky Mountains. The widespread interest in things nautical, in ship modeling and in the golden era of American adventure upon the ocean makes any book related to sea-faring a most appropriate Christmas gift. Especially to be recommended are Edwin J. Schoettle's "Sailing Craft" (Putnam) and Richard C. McKay's "Some Famous Sailing Ships and Their Builder Donald McKay" (Macmillan).

Schoettle's "Sailing Craft" is perhaps best suited for active yachtsmen. It simply ought to be in the library of every yacht club for it gives a comprehensive survey of yachting here and abroad which cannot be found elsewhere. It tells the story of famous yachts and of the development of class racing and measurement rulings. It does not suffer from the obsession that all the yachtsmen in the country live on Long Island Sound. It contains a fund of valuable information and some very delightful reading. It is generously illustrated by beautiful photographs and linecuts.

For the general reader we heartily recommend Richard C. McKay's "Some Famous Sailing Ships." This volume gives the most comprehensive survey of Donald McKay's epic-making career which has yet been published.

"Consecratio Medici and Other Papers," by Harvey Cushing (Little, Brown), and "A Short History of Medicine," by Charles Singer (Oxford University Press), would be good Christmas presents for the family doctor. Placed on his waiting-room table, they will be an appropriate and welcome substitute for the ancient copies of "Hygeia" and "Asia" which now lie there. But they are much too good to go unread. The hours of waiting might be indefinitely prolonged if Singer's "History of Medicine" were placed in the hands of the waiter. It may be too much the layman's book to please the physician, himself, but his patients will appreciate it. The early history of medicine is fascinating, and told in a gracious, easy way, and the illustrations are curious and unusual without being the kind that are calculated to produce new symptoms in the patient. Dr. Cushing's essays, on the other hand, will suit doctor and patient alike. In fact "Consecratio Medici" would make an admirable all-comers' Christmas present. The essays on subjects so diverse as Dr. Garth, the physician poet of Queen Anne's time (with most amusing quotations from his works), reminiscences of Dr. Osler, hospital management and war experiences are written with warmth and humor.

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Any one with a taste for dabbling in the storied past and a certain curiosity about queer people, will enjoy "A Gallery of Eccentrics," by Morris Bishop (Minton, Balch). From the emperor Elagabalus, whose practical jokes are a little on the revolting side, through Bampfylde Moore Carew, the aristocrat who became king of the Gypsies, to Richard Porson, who "commonly considered the greatest, with Bentley, of England's Greek Scholars was hardly less celebrated as among the greatest of England's drunkards, at a period when such distinction was not lightly to be attained," twelve eccentric figures from history appear on the pages of this pleasantly written book. Edward Wortley Montagu, junior, Lady Mary's son, is the king among the oddities. Even if the other sketches were not as good as they are the book would be worth having for the sake of the unseemly mirth which the perusal of this gentleman's history is bound to provoke.

"Behind Your Front," by James Oppenheim (Harper), will please such friends of yours as are still enchanted by the phantasmagoria of psychoanalysis. They may learn from it that Heywood Broun is an extraverted intuitive type, that Mencken is an extraverted thinking with feeling type, that Greta Garbo—maybe if they read about her they will get that way. Best of all, they will be able, with the help of "Behind Your Front," to spend hours figuring themselves out. What better Christmas gift?

"Wild Animal Interviews," by W. T. Hornaday (Scribner), are more interesting than most interviews with humans and far better written. Children and parents will like this. Hornaday does no nature faking, and his stories are written with sympathy but no sentimentality, and with humorous detachment as well as scientific observation. The pictures are fine.

"Under Tropic Seas," by William Beebe (Putnam), will please icthyologists, artists, nature lovers, sportsmen and lovers of fine prose. Mr. Beebe is not the first fisherman to write beautiful English. On the expedition which this book describes he did more diving than fishing. The things he saw on the bottom of the sea off the coast of Haiti, which he describes vividly and many of which are shown in photographs, so delighted him that he urges readers of his book to buy themselves diving helmets and to go and behold the wonders of the deep themselves. In fact, he gives an itemized list of equipment needed for the expedition, with prices which indicate that it is not an adventure for millionaires only.

"The Story of the Gypsies," by Conrad Bercovici (Cosmopolitan), will interest, amuse and please any one who learned as a child to envy or to fear the gypsies, or who has crossed a brown palm with silver to hear a fortune told. Even as a record of migrations, this book would be interesting; as it is, full of stories, legends, adventures, observation and comment, it is fascinating. It is clumsily written, to be sure, and too discursive. The author has not known how to select from his mass of material, nor how to arrange his selection to best advantage. But this is a book to be judged on content, and to be read for information and diversion.

"If the inn and road were gone," writes Charles S. Brooks in "Roads to the North" (Harcourt, Brace), "half the English essay would be swept away." This charming tale of a wayfarer's adventures with inns and roads and old places is entirely in the tradition of the light essay, and readers who enjoy gracious, leisurely writing will be delighted with it. Mr. Brooks, bicycling with two friends from the Sussex Coast as far north as English weather permitted, carried the best of luggage, a deep knowledge and love of English song and story, a seeing eye and a nice sense of fun. And his book has been excellently illustrated by Julia M. Fiory. There will be some one on your Christmas list who likes to meander with a perfect guide along the countrysides of the world.

"Dandies and Don Juans," by A. von Gleichen Russwurm (Knopf), would please such ladies, especially those "of a certain age" who like to be just a teeny-wee bit shocked by their reading, without being in any way damaged. It concerns "fashion and love among the great" and is a series of slight semi-biographical sketches of men who have been distinguished, among other and larger things, for their manners and their love affairs. Alcibiades is the first mentioned, Valentino the last!

You might have a student of anthropology on your Christmas list. If he is by way of being an expert, "Our Prehistoric Ancestors," by Herman Fitzgerald Cleland (Coward-McCann), will not be sufficiently technical for him, although the bibliography looks as though it would be useful to any one no matter how learned. If he is a beginner, he should find the whole book valuable. But, quite apart from that not impossible but possibly improbable he, almost anybody in the world, male or female, old or young, would pore for hours over the illustrations in this book. There are scores of them, and except for the comic Neanderthal family of the colored frontispiece, they are all grand.

"The Child and the World," by Margaret Naumberg (Harcourt, Brace), is another book which would be acceptable to teachers, provided they are intelligent and open-minded enough to be interested in modern developments in the theory of education, even if they do not believe in them. For young parents, the book would be interesting; upon their willingness to offer their children for experiment will depend the success of such institutions as the Walden School, of which Miss Naumberg was the founder. Because no person at once thoughtful and dispassionate can say that the success of the new education has been proven as yet.

"The Art of the Dance," by Isadora Duncan (Theatre Arts), is a book to give lovers of the dance. It is all that we have which Isadora Duncan put down with words upon paper concerning her art, and is composed of essays, programs notes and letters. There is a spirit flaming within these pages that is tall as any mountain. There is an urge behind her written words not unlike the ebb of the ocean. It is almost impossible to escape superlatives when writing of either this woman or the art of this woman, as will be witnessed by a reading of a number of essays written by various people in regard to Isadora Duncan's dancing, and included in this volume. Shaemas O'Sheel says of her: "Let the wise of future generations understand that more than any other of this age, Isadora was the naïve companion and messenger of the stars and the sword, the rose and the rood, mystery, and wonder, and eternity." There will be, there have been already, criticisms of this woman's theories of the dance, but none can say that she did not know her purpose, or that she ever swerved from it. She was the high priestess before the altar of Terpsichore. Here we read "The Song of the Dance Which is Isadora's." The book is illustrated by superb drawings and photographs by Rodin, Bourdelle, Grandjouan, Genthe, Steichen and others.

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"Susan B. Anthony," by Rheta Childe Dorr (Stokes), is a good selection for any woman friend of yours who is concerned with politics or with such vestiges of the feminist movement as remain. It is a grandly partisan biography, full of a gusto, a sense of drama and a reality which the popular "detached" (but "he who is not with me is against me," they are really "debunking") biographies of the day cannot attain. A fine picture of Susan B. Anthony emerges from the book. It will be given a place in the library of portraits of great Americans, and your friend will be glad to have it.

"The Second American Caravan," edited by Lewis Mumford, Alfred Kreymborg and Paul Rosenfeld (Macaulay), will make a good present for any one critically interested in contemporary American literature. This bulky year book is "conducted by literary men in the interests of a growing American literature" and its contents represent every shade of present-day writing from the center to the extreme left. Poems, plays, novels. stories and essays, some are good and some are bad. The average is a little below that of last year's Caravan, but the whole is a treasure of current American literary expression and tendencies, valuable to students and entertaining to general readers.

"Contemporary European Writers," by William A. Drake (The John Day Company), is informative and will be appreciated by any friend who likes to keep in touch with current foreign writing, but who for laziness or for lack of languages does it vicariously. The member of a Woman's Club which takes up Foreign Writers of Today as a mid-season topic who could quote liberally from Mr. Drake would make a magnificent impression. And a sounder if less spectacular reader will find these biographical and critical essays which cover the huge Continental field fairly thoroughly and the bibliography of great interest and value.

"The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan: Anniversary Edition, illustrated with etchings by William Strang (The Bunyan Anniversary Society; R. T. Baker, Agent). This being the Bunyan tercentenary a new copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," admirably printed and bound and illustrated by Strang's fine series of etchings, would make an ideal Christmas present, not only for the family minister, but for any one who cherishes this most precious specimen of rich and unpolluted English prose, and whose stalwart old blue cloth copy is falling to pieces.

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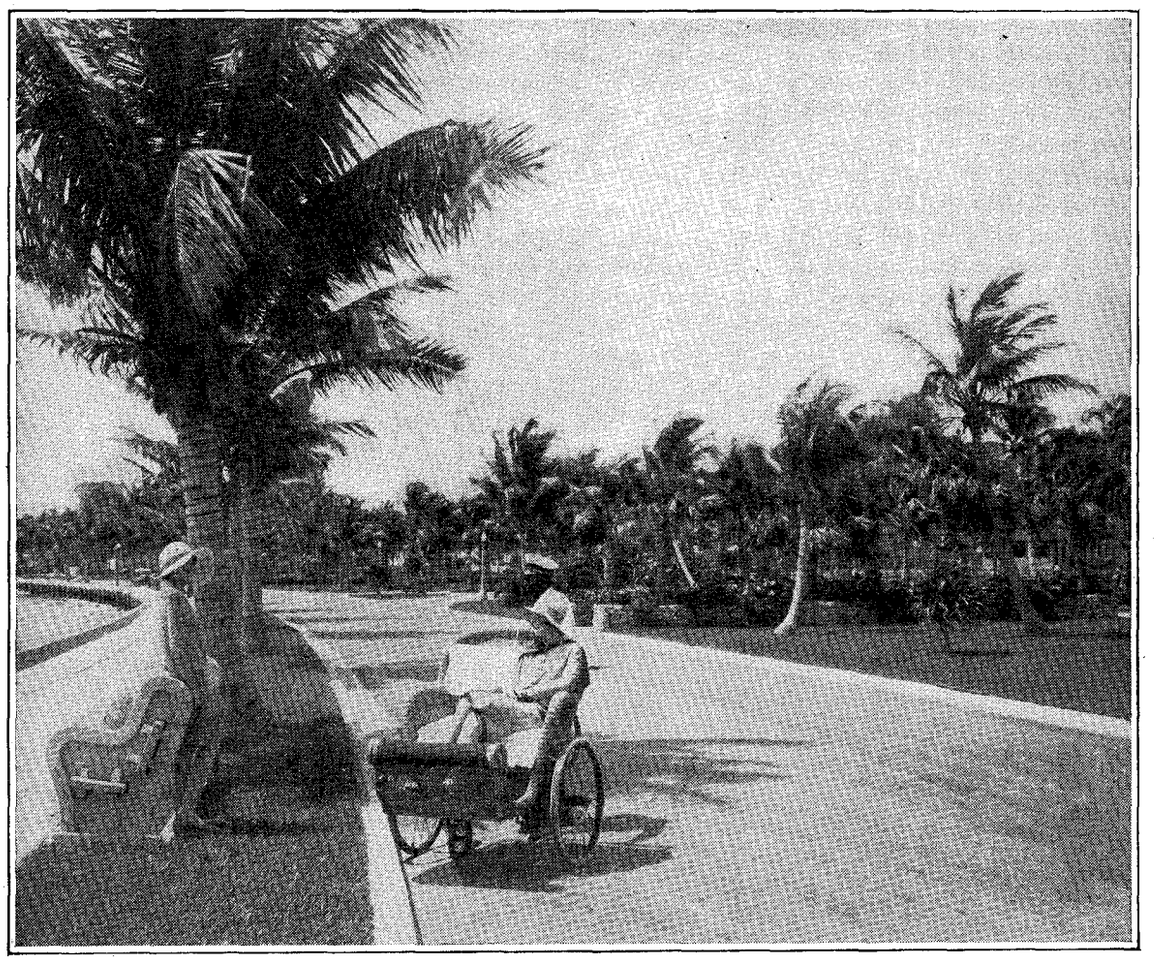

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

IT IS an understood thing that the Christmas season represents something more to shopkeepers than merely an interlude of at least verbal good will and relative peace on earth, to wit, an increase of cash in hand and bills due after January 1. In most places where Christmas shopping is done this seasonal trade is simply an intensified demand for articles which are being regularly and even excessively consumed throughout the year. It is true that an occasional male may be found timidly endeavoring to purchase something very feminine amidst obviously unfamiliar surroundings, just as women are found helplessly fingering ties in masculine emporiums, or trying to bargain in exclusive cigar stores for a box or two of Corona Perfectas. In the main, however, Christmas shoppers are familiar to those who cater to them.

In one kind of shop only does Christmas annually witness the arrival of people who rarely, if ever, present themselves at any other time. Need I say that I am referring to bookshops? So profound is the abhorrence of the general public, including even the reading public, for buying books that only the tiniest fraction of what is politely known as the civilized minority habitually shops for books. As between the gross extravagance of $2.50 or $5 for a book and a mere $3 or $7.50 for a theatre ticket, as the receipts show, few of us hesitate.

Let us be pragmatic. The fact is, reading is the one pleasure which most of us hate to pay for, and which we try to obtain on the cheapest terms. Did not a prominent and by no means poverty-stricken British minister declare that he could not afford fifteen shillings for Bernard Shaw's "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," probably for its mere size, not to mention the actual labor it represents, one of the cheapest of contemporary books? Such being the attitude of the potential bookshop customer, is it any wonder that Christmas has a special interest for all who are engaged in the writing, publication and selling of books? It is the one time in the year when, in their desperate desire to give some one something, people resolutely enter a book store.

Then it is that harassed clerks are called upon for advice and that the worst despairs and the greatest humors of bookselling are engendered. Furtive authors have had the joy of seeing their own cherished work spurned indignantly, when its claims are urged, by a customer who evidently bought books on the toss of a coin, or on the shade of the dust jacket, rather than in obedience to any rational principle. The proud producers of best-sellers regularly enjoy the thought that their already swollen sales will be automatically increased by a combination of mass suggestion plus the weariness of booksellers no longer capable of overcoming sales resistance. The best-sellers stand in piles; they are clearly in demand; nobody can go very far wrong in selecting them.

Yet, in making up lists of books "for Christmas," would it not be well to specify the type of purchaser for which the lists are designed? As I say, the line of least resistance disposes of the needs of that class of book buyer who makes such purchases once a year only for Christmas presents. All the obvious titles will be recommended and will probably fill the bill. But there are others which might be of interest to those who, if not in the habit of buying books, are in the habit of reading them. Even those of us who keep ourselves informed about new books are frequently at a loss when suddenly called upon to recommend a good book. One has read several, but a little reflection is necessary to recall them and to decide which would best suit the needs of the case.

If I were thinking of a book for some one interested in biography, I should consider the merits of these:

"Elizabeth and Essex." By Lytton Strachey (Harcourt).

"The Early Life of Thomas Hardy." By Florence E. Hardy (Macmillan).

"The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan." By Isaac Goldberg (Simon and Schuster).

"Matthew Arnold." By Hugh Kingsmill (Dial Press).

"Bonnet and Shawl." By Phillip Guedalla (Putman).

"The Skull of Swift." By Shane Leslie (Bobbs-Merrill).

Readers of fiction would probably not object to any of these:

(*Please Turn to Page 1340*)

Edwin Valentine Mitchell

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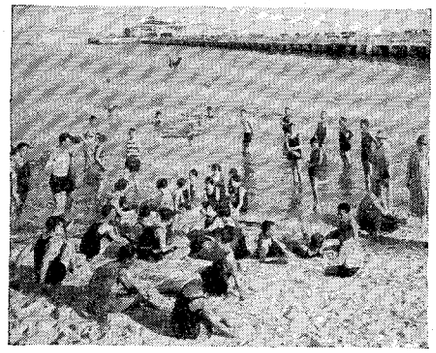

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Readers and Writers

(*Continued from Page 1339*)

"Good-bye Wisconsin." By Glenway Wescott (Harper).

"The House of Sun-Goes-Down." By Bernard de Voto (Macmillan).

"The Road to Heaven." By Thomas Beer (Knopf).

"Etched in Moonlight." By James Stephens.

"French Leave." By E. OE. Somerville and Martin Ross (Houghton, Mifflin).

"Point Counterpoint." By Aldous Huxley (Doubleday, Doran).

And to those who like their fiction Continental I should suggest:

"Jerome." By Maurice Bedel (Viking Press).

"Ida Brandt." By Herman Bang (Knopf).

"The Closed Garden." By Julian Green (Harper).

"The Wanderer." By Alain Fournier (Houghton, Mifflin).

"Theresa." By Arthur Schnitzler (Simon and Schuster).

"The Elegant Infidelities of Madame Li Pei Fou." By Charles Pettit (Liveright).

In the field of essays and philosophy, the choice is enormous, but certain works are pre-eminently important:

"The Decline of the West." By Oswald Spengler (Knopf).

"The Treason of the Intellectuals." By Julien Benda (Morrow).

"Sceptical Essays." By Bertrand Russell (Norton).

"The Misbehaviorists." By Harvey Wickham (Dial Press).

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism." By Bernard Shaw (Brentano's).

"The Demon of the Absolute." By Paul Elmer More (Princeton Press).

It is hardly necessary to say that these books are not selected in accordance with any divine plan, but on the human principle that what has interested me may interest others. Some of the books are not likely to be overlooked, but on the whole they are works which have not been particularly advertised and which have real merit. Many volumes as important or more important might be added to each list.

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The Great Prohibition Mystery

(Continued from Page 1311)

cates superiority and courage; it is honorific and high-hat. It is no longer a mere escape from responsibility; it marks the proud rebel who will not be cowed by authority and oppressed. It is liberal and anti-Puritan and a fine free gesture of the hero who proposes to be master of his fate and captain of his soul. And it assists a revolt against sex-control and ego-discipline that is serious for society.

Civilization has always progressed by way of a conscious and intelligent restraint of subconscious impulses; the Puritans attempted to give the intellect absolute power to repress the subconscious, and they have failed; but our modern young rebels, who are practicing a sort of anarchy, already find themselves as ill and unhappy as the Puritans whom they despise. The attempt to enforce prohibition has been a disaster because it has upset the orderly progress of intelligent self-control in temperance which America was achieving by education and social use. It has given subconscious revolt an irresistible power, and the revolt is going to do an incredible amount of damage before it can be checked.

Meanwhile, the authorities pretend to enforce prohibition and blink at the failure of their agents to enforce it; and that discrepancy between the pretense and the performance is the opportunity for graft. Here we have the typical American cause of corruption in city governments promoted, at last, to Washington. Puritanism is still the religion of the country districts, though the cities are escaping from it. The country Puritans are still convinced that they can repress the subconscious instinctive impulses of man by the edicts of conscious control. They try to impose those edicts on the city in various forms of legislative fiat. The cities are powerless before the rural vote in the Legislature; they cannot prevent the passage of the law; so they simply pretend to enforce it, and the predestined victims of enforcement pay for immunity. This is what is called a Tammany form of government, and unless the prohibition law is repealed or amended that form of government is inevitable in Washington. It is inevitable in Washington and it will continue typically American throughout the States until the moral leaders of the community learn, as the psychiatrists say, "the uselessness of hoping to control mankind unless you understand the subconscious psychology of the animal whom you are trying to civilize."

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There are still available copies of the index and title-page for Volume 149, May 2-August 29, 1928, of The Outlook. They will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires to bind his copies of The Outlook.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

M. P. Shiel's
How the Old Woman Got Home. Macy-Masius

An Arabian Nights atmosphere glorifies the first part of this tale, in which Caxton Hazlitt, an out-of-work electrician, steps into a house in Park Lane to repair a telephone set and becomes suddenly and mysteriously Sir Henry Beresford. Obviously it is no mere mistake of identity. The lovely Mahndorla and Mr. Farrel and Dr. Radlor have something to do with it. And then Hazlitt's mother vanishes. And then his girl friend vanishes. And then he gets locked up in a bathroom in which he remains for two months before making one of the most ingenious escapes we have ever read about. A good logical plot—which however needn't have ended so tragically.

John Arnold's
The Murders in Surrey Wood. Dutton

We'd describe this one as fair to middling. Among those in the east are a couple of escaped convicts and a large and soigné French marquis in a pearl grey morning coat and a kidnapped musical comedy star and a Chinese chauffeur and a couple of dead men and a mysterious scientist and a full chorus of thugs, detectives, rustics and bystanders. The formula for combining these is simple—stir well, salt with humor, pepper with pistol shots, and you have a thriller. Only we wonder what became of the practice of Dr. Dick Henshaw, the amateur who put Scotland Yard to shame, while he was doing all his voluntary and unpaid snooping.

H. C. McNeile's
The Female of the Species
Doubleday Doran

The villain of this piece, as you may shrewdly have guessed from the title, is a lady. And what a lady! Just because Bulldog Drummond, whom you may have read of before, had killed her lover, she plotted all sorts of deviltry for him and his friends, abducted his wife, gassed and drowned him in underground chambers, strangled him with the hands of big black niggers, blew him to pieces with explosives and made things generally uncomfortable for him. However, he always survived, and you'll enjoy reading how he managed to do it. A thoroughly impossible tale, but filled with excitement and a pleasant humor.

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STANLIGHT

Now...you can light your music with the STANLIGHT

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LAMP EVER INVENTED

EVERY musician...pianist, singer and organist...every teacher and every instrument owner will welcome this invention into their studio, concert hall or into their home.

An Invention of Necessity

The STANLIGHT...tested for two years by hundreds of eminent artists before being offered to the public...was invented by the celebrated baritone, Mr. James Stanley, only after years of search for a practical solution of the music lighting problem.

What STANLIGHT *will do for you*

The STANLIGHT is a beautiful, source-unseen light...glowing softly and clearly UNDER the entire music spread...shielding your eyes and the eyes of your audience. It illuminates every note...throws no shadows...makes for easy turning of the sheet...speeds and actually improves your playing.

JAMES STANLEY
Celebrated Baritone and Inventor

Mr. Stanley's invention of the STANLIGHT has been hailed everywhere as the FIRST and ONLY practical solution of the music lighting problem ...in utility and beauty.

Both Lamp and Music Rack

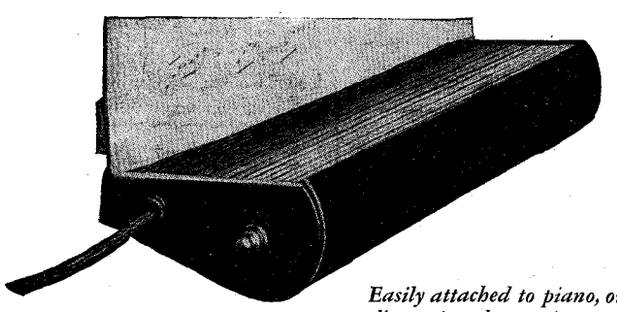
The STANLIGHT is both a lamp and music rack in one. The grooved glass music base under which (standard) lights are concealed, is 3½ in. wide by 18 in. long. It is tastefully finished and most artistic in appearance. Rubber clamps prevent marring. Easily put on and off instrument.

TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL

Send no money. Just mail coupon below
Christmas orders promptly filled

Try the STANLIGHT ten days at our expense. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below (State whether for grand or upright.) We will send the STANLIGHT to you—parcel post prepaid. If you wish to keep it, send us $14.50. Or, if you prefer, $7.50 in ten days and $7.50 one month later. Otherwise return it in good condition and we will not charge you anything.

The STANLEY LIGHT RACK, *Inc.*
390 Second Avenue ~ New York, N. Y.



Easily attached to piano, organ, director's or lecturer's stand. No screws or marring; easily removed

STANLIGHT TRIAL OFFER

THE STANLEY LIGHT RACK, *Inc.*, Dept. O.
390 Second Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Send the STANLIGHT for *free trial*. If I decide to keep it, I will remit $14.50 in ten days—or $7.50 then and $7.50 one month later. Otherwise I will return it in good condition—with no further obligation. (*Check*) ☐ Grand Piano. ☐ Upright.

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